

# **'THE SOUND OF FREEDOM'**



**A FIGHTER PILOT'S SONGBOOK  
AND RAAF MIRAGE TRIBUTE**

**COMPILED BY BAZZ TURNER**



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AND RAAF MIRAGE TRIBUTE

Compiled by Bazz Turner  
October 1988.

As a tribute to a most beautiful 'Chariot of Fire'  
the RAAF's MIRAGE IIIIO and all who were fortunate  
enough to fly her.

This book is dedicated in memory of 14 RAAF Mirage  
Fighter Pilots who lost their lives whilst flying  
the 'French Lady' in training for a future war,  
which thank God, the Aussie Mirage never saw.

Front Cover: A bare 'French Lady'. Actually,  
Mirage IIIIO A3-12 of RAAF 77 Squadron  
flown by Bazz Turner during Exercise  
'Pacific Consort' near TAREE at  
25,000 feet. Photograph by Mal Lancaster  
taken from the Air Refueler's station  
on board a USAF KC-135 StratoTanker.  
The USAF boys offered fuel at the time  
but couldn't find an appropriate  
orifice on the 'French Lady'.

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PART 1

THE SOUND OF FREEDOM

(Poem by BAZZ)

The Sound of Freedom is that which permeates the air,  
In the wake of the Fighters and the Few who care,  
They risk life an' limb, training to fight an enemy who would dare.

The Sound of Freedom is the music the Fighters make,  
When from the bonds of earth they break,  
Generating ethereal ectoplasm in their wake.

The Sound of Freedom indicates a Fighter's energy state,  
A Fighter without energy is unsafe, a state the Few surely hate,  
So this sound is safe an' means that Fighter will fly on at a swift rate.

The Sound of Freedom may seem to some, as being a nuisance,  
An' deliberate noise for the sake of such has no purpose, you sense,  
The Few agree an' never wish to project an overpowering influence.

The Sound of Freedom, construed by minority, as one of the pollutions,  
Results in complaints in the wake of some Fighters revolutions,  
But, they'd surely complain if they heard MiGs, Yaks an' Ilyushins.

The Sound of Freedom, in times of war, is naturally cheered,  
But, more often than not, in times of peace, it's jeered;  
Ideally, the Few and their 'Chariots-of-Fire' should always feel endeared.

The Sound of Freedom, created by the Few in their 'Chariots-of-Fire',  
In their objective of securing Air Defence, never tire,  
'Cause, should they fail in their resolve, we'd all be in the mire.

The Sound of Freedom is essential for the maintenance of Peace,  
Otherwise, any would-be enemy may occupy our land and fleece,  
Unthinkable, more like unacceptable, so let the Few say their piece.

The Sound of Freedom, when it is heard, needs to be respected,  
For there are a Few, doing for their Country, what's expected;  
Their sound is not wasted, 'cause they're training for the unexpected.

The Sound of Freedom, should it die and fade away,  
Pray, that the reason is improved technology of the day,  
Rather not, that our Few have been eradicated in the fray.

THE AUSTRALIANAISE

(Tune: Onward Christian Soldiers)

Fellers of Australia,  
Blokes and coves and coots!  
Shift yer bloody carcasses,  
Move yer bloody boots,  
Gird yer bloody loins up,  
Git yer bloody gun,  
And get the bloody enemy,  
Watch the bastards run.

CHORUS: Git a bloody move on, have some bloody sense,  
Learn the bloody art of, self de-bloody-fence.

When the bloody bugle,  
Sounds ad-bloody-vance,  
Don't be like a flock o' sheep,  
In a bloody trance,  
Biff the bloody foeman,  
Where it don't agree,  
Spiffler-bloody-cate him to E-  
Terni-bloody-ty.

CHORUS.

Have some bloody brains be-  
Neath yer bloody lids,  
Swing a bloody sabre for the  
Missus and the kids,  
Chuck supportin' lamp-posts,  
An' 'strikin' bloody lights',  
Support a bloody family an'  
Strike for yer bloody rights.

CHORUS.

Fellers of Australier,  
Cobbers, chaps and mates,  
Hear the bloody enemy,  
Kickin' at the gates,  
Blow the bloody bugle,  
Beat the bloody drum,  
Uppercut and out the cow to,  
Kingdom bloody come!

CHORUS.

## THE DAY OF THE DOGFIGHT

(Recital)

He stood before the Pearly Gate,  
His face was scarred and old.  
He stood before the Man of Fate,  
For admission to the Fold.

'What have you done ?' St Peter ask'd,  
'I've been a Fighter Pilot Sir'.  
'I've filled German planes with lead,  
Causin' the Flying Circus to stir'.

'Over Flanders in my SE5,  
I had von Richthofen ahead',  
'My guns blazing in the dive,  
But the Fokker got me instead'.

The Pearly Gates were opened,  
St Peter touched the bell.  
'Come in an' choose your harp my friend,  
You've had you share of Hell'.

## I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Chorus: I don't want to join the Air Force,  
I don't want to go to war.  
I just want to hang around  
Piccadilly Underground,  
Living off the earnings of a high-born lady.

I don't want a bullet up me arse-hole,  
I don't want me bollicks shot away.  
I'd rather be in England, In jolly, jolly England  
And fornicate me bloody life away, Gor Blimey.  
Call out the Army and the Navy,  
Call out the boys of the old Brigade,  
You can call out me mother, me sister and me brother,  
But for God's sake don't call me, Gor Blimey.  
CHORUS.

On Monday I touched her on the ankle,  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,  
Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress,  
Thursday night she asked me home to tea, Gor Blimey.  
Friday night I put my hand upon it,  
On Saturday night she gave my balls a tweak,  
On Sunday after supper, I shoved the whole lot up her,  
And now I'm paying seven and six a week, Gor Blimey.  
CHORUS.

## WIRRAWAY SONG

(Tune: Bless 'em all)

They say there's a Wirraway out on the line,  
Set for a cross country flight,  
Hydraulics leaking and missing its revs,  
Hoping to get there all right.  
There's many a cylinder running a temp  
Through having no oil in its wall,  
With good navigation and much concentration,  
You'll get there and back, Bless 'em all.

Chorus: Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all,  
From Darwin right up to Rabaul.  
Bless the instructors who taught us to fly,  
Bless the CO and the old CFI.  
So we're saying goodbye to them all.  
Let Wirras and Wagga recall,  
The scenes of emotion, when we get promotion,  
So cheer up my lads, Bless 'em all.

Oh Wirraways don't worry me, Wirraways don't worry me,  
Oil blowing bastards with flaps in their wings,  
Buggared up spark plugs and buggared up rings,  
For we're saying goodbye to them all,  
As back to their hangars they crawl,  
There'll be only elation and wild celebration,  
When we say goodbye to them all.  
CHORUS.



They say that the Japs have some very nice kites,  
Now we're no longer in doubt,  
So if a Zero gets on to your tail,  
This is just how to make out -  
Be cheerful, be careful, be calm and sedate,  
And don't let your British blood boil,  
And don't hesitate, shove it right through the Gate,  
And you'll blind the poor bastard with oil.  
CHORUS.

Now officers don't worry me, officers don't worry me,  
Tight fitting trousers with strings down the side,  
Bloody great pockets with nothing inside.  
And we're saying goodbye to them all,  
As back to their dugouts they crawl.  
You'll get no promotion, this side of the ocean,  
So cheer up my lads, Bless 'em all.  
CHORUS.

Now MP's they don't worry me, MP's they don't worry me,  
As by the roadside they sit and they lark,  
You can tell by their hands, they do no bloody work.  
And we're saying goodbye to them all,  
Their tickets, their armbands and crawl,  
They'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,  
So cheer up my lads, Bless 'em all.  
CHORUS.

Now DI's they don't worry me, DI's they don't worry me,  
On the parade ground they strut and they shout,  
Screamin' crude orders they know stuff all about.  
So we're saying goodbye to them all,  
As up the CO's arse they crawl.  
They'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,  
So cheer up my lads bless 'em all.  
CHORUS.

#### THE SONG OF THE GREMLINS

(Tune: Stand by your glasses steady)

Oh this is the song of the gremlins,  
As told by the P.R.U. (PRU = Photo Recce Unit)  
Believed by few, not many,  
But nevertheless it is true.

When you're seven miles up in the heavens,  
And it's a hell of a lovely spot,  
And it's fifteen degrees below zero,  
Which isn't so bloody hot.

Oh, it's then that you see the gremlins,  
Green, Gamboge and Gold.  
Male, female and neuter,  
Gremlins both young and old.

Oh, it's then that you see the gremlins,  
And the lessons you learnt on the Link,  
Won't help you evade these gremlins,  
Though you boost, and you dive, and you jink.

Oh, the white ones will waggle your wing-tips,  
Male ones will muddle your maps.  
Green ones will guzzle your Glycol,  
And females will flutter your Flaps.

Pink ones will perch on your perspex,  
They'll dance pirouettes on your Prop,  
And the spherical, middle aged gremlins,  
Will spin on your stick like a top.

Oh, they'll bend, and they'll break, and they'll batter,  
They'll bite through your aileron wires,  
And just as you orbit to pancake,  
Stick hot toasting forks in your tyres.

Yes, this is the song of the gremlins,  
As told by the P.R.U.  
Believed by few, not many,  
But nevertheless it is true.

### WHO'LL BUY A VULTEE

(Tune: Waltzing Matilda)

Once a jolly pilot and his observer,  
Flew on a Strike far over the sea,  
And they sang as they pranged on Fredrik Hendrik Island,  
'Who'll buy a Vultee, a Vultee from me ?'  
'Who'll buy a Vultee, Who'll buy a Vultee'  
'Who'll buy a wiped-off Vultee from me'.  
And they sang as they pranged on Fredrik Hendrik Island,  
'Who'll buy a Vultee, a Vultee from me ?'

### THE MORESBY SONG

(Tune: Dinkie Die)

Now listen to me, here's a tale we can tell,  
Of a tropical cruise to the Moresby Hotel,  
In the land of the boongs where there's nothing to do,  
But the party was spoilt when the Japs came there too,  
Came there too, came there too,  
But the party was spoilt when the Japs came there too.

It was 'Beat up the blighters' or we were sunk,  
'Cause the Japs are serious about giving us a dunk.  
It was goodbye to us if Port Moresby should fall,  
It was goodbye to women and drinking and all,  
Drinkin' an' all, drinkin' an' all,  
It was goodbye to women and drinking and all.

So we grabbed some P-40's and went to the fight,  
But soon found the Japs had a nice little kite.  
It's a bright shiny silver, and Zero by name,  
But it makes a good show when it comes down aflame.  
Down a-flame, down a-flame,  
But it makes a good show when it comes down aflame.

Now the bombs dropped 'round us as we joined in the fray,  
And we saw quite a lot of the Japs every day,  
But he soon turned for home when he found what it means,  
To annoy a poor bastard who's fed on baked beans.  
Fed on beans, fed on beans,  
To annoy a poor bastard who's fed on baked beans.

Now the newspapers tell of our Squadron's success,  
And Nippon has now many aeroplanes less,  
But the papers don't say how the hell it was done,  
Without our replacements at seven to one.  
Seven to one, seven to one,  
Without our replacements at seven to one.

And then we went home for a beer and a rest,  
And we stood in the pubs where the drink was the best.  
But now we're back North just to pay off some debts,  
And to make bloody sure that the Rising Sun sets.  
That it sets, that it sets,  
Yes. To make bloody sure that the Rising Sun sets.

### BESIDE A PAPUAN WATERFALL

(Tune: The Bells of Hell)

Beside a Papuan waterfall, one bright September day,  
Beside his shattered Kittyhawk, a young P/O he lay.  
And as he hung on a coconut tree, not yet completely dead  
Oh listen to the very last words the young P/O he said.

I'm going to a better land, where everything is bright,  
Where whisky grows on coco trees and they play poker  
every night,  
There is no work to do all day, just sit around and sing.  
Il-y-a beaucoup and women too, oh death where is thy stir

Oh death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,  
Oh grave, thy victory.  
The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,  
For you but not for me.

I asked her would she marry, marry me, but all that she  
would say,  
Was 'Ting-a-ling, Oh Ting-a-ling-a-ling, Oh Ting-a-ling-  
a-ling all day'.



## FAREWELL SONG (75SQN WWII)

(Tune: Thanks for the Memory)

Thanks for the memory,  
Of every bosker night, the feeling was just right,  
We drank our beer in harmony, and leisuredly got tight,  
Oh thank you so much.  
Thanks for the memory,  
Les Jackson in the chair, good fellowship was there,  
We strafed Mr Trouble, dropped two-fifties on old Care,  
How lovely it was.  
Remember the songs that you taught us,  
And poor Angeline's rude adventure.  
In your company we've a debenture,  
And we want more of 'Ah Hates War !'  
Thanks for the memory,  
Of many happy days, we liked each other's ways,  
We drank the bottled sunshine and reflected all the rays,  
Oh thank you so much.

## HARDSHIPS YOU BASTARDS

Off to Milne Bay we did go, to meet those Japs from Tokyo.

Chorus: Hardships, you bastards,

You don't know what hardships are.

4 'undred miles of bloody drink, and how our undies did  
stink,

CHORUS.

Our dials and clocks were shaky and our engines runnin' hot,  
But when we saw that friendly shore it looked a decent spot.  
But then to finish off the trip, the drome was just a

CHORUS. boggy strip.

Finally we landed there, our attitude was debonair,

CHORUS.

We found the tee-ing up was nix, thanks to Squadron 76,

CHORUS.

We had to put up tents and flys and build dispersal bays,  
We ate camp pie and bully beef for days and bloody days.

Our ground troops they had not arrived,

The sea trip p'raps they'd not survived.

CHORUS.

One day the Zeros came to show the boys how they could aim,  
CHORUS.

They looped and stalled and spun around and burnt one kite  
upon the ground.  
CHORUS.

We had to fly at dawn each day, get up before the sun,  
In fact the whole damn show for us was not much bloody fun,  
76 at last got there, shot one poor bastard from the air.  
CHORUS.

Mosquitos grabbed you by the hair and lifted you from your  
chair,  
CHORUS.

Two foot six from wing to wing, and each one had a point  
five string,  
CHORUS.

They'd strafe and dive-bomb every bloke when they were on  
the go,

Ignore your light and heavy flak, a really rotten show,  
The nets we used had no effect against squadron, wing or  
mass attack,  
CHORUS.

## THE PICKLED FEW

The horse and the cow live thirty years,

And nothing know of wines and beers.

The goats and sheep at twenty die,

With never a taste of Scotch or Rye.

The sow drinks water by the ton,

And at eighteen is nearly done.

The dog at fifteen cashes in,

Without the aid of Rum and Gin.

The cat in milk and water soaks,

And then at twelve short years it croaks.

The modest sober home dry hen,

Lays eggs for years and dies at ten.

All animals are strictly dry,

They simply live and simply die.

But sinful, Ginful, Rum soaked men,

Survive for three score years and ten.

And some of them, the mighty FEW,

Stay pickled 'til they're ninety-two.

BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT (Fleet Air Arm Pilot)

(Tune: Barnacle Bill the Sailor)

The Air Force is the life for me,  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor,  
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea,  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor,  
I'll fly so high I'll pass the sky,  
In gravitation, I'll defy,  
I'll make the ladies faint and sigh,  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin,  
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin,  
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin,  
Cried the fair young maiden.

Well I'm rough an' I'm tough an' I know my stuff,  
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot,  
I'll fly this ship 'til I've had enough,  
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot,  
I know the Struts, I know the Fins,  
I know the Barrel Rolls and Spins,  
I know the Outs, I'll learn the Ins,  
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot.

You're out of Gas, you must go down,  
You're out of Gas, you must go down,  
You're out of Gas, you must go down,  
Cried the fair young maiden.

Well I'm a cock-eyed fin, if I give in,  
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot,  
I've made my way, through thick an' thin,  
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot,  
He kicked the Rudder, he pulled the stick,  
He hit the ground like a ton of brick,  
I'd tell you more but it makes me sick,  
Poor Barnacle Bill the pilot.

Here's some flowers for his grave,  
Here's some flowers for his grave,  
Many brave heart lieth deep in the earth,  
Cried the fair young maiden.

SPOT PROMOTION

(Tune: Cold, Cold Heart)

I've tried, so hard, my friend, to think,  
That rank was worth a lot,  
But now you've gone an' got yourself,  
Promoted to a spot.  
Your job is one that could be done,  
By any little Boggy,  
How can I get your arse shipped out,  
And get that spot for me.

You'll be a full wheel soon, my friend,  
Of that I have no doubt,  
The list's being changed right now,  
They ripped it inside out,  
The Group Commander, OC Wing,  
The Staff all get another Stripe,  
At least we'll have some rank around,  
To help us fight the strife.

Another week or two in rank,  
We'll put you up again,  
You needn't wait to learn your job,  
That's for our enlisted men,  
The only thing I envy is,  
The talent that you've got,  
How can I get your arse shipped out,  
And get your open spot.



## THE SHORES OF OLD MILNE BAY

(Tune: The Marine's Hymn)

There was once a gang of Japanese,  
Who hailed from Tokyo way,  
They'd been told of South expansion,  
A new Empire, come what may.  
Had not Heav'n assured their Emporer,  
That o'er the South he would hold sway.  
But their cherished hopes were blasted,  
On the shores of old Milne Bay.

Chorus: And we planted 'em, the Blighters,  
On the shores of old Milne Bay.

There was once a bunch of Aussies,  
Who were posted to old Milne Bay.  
They were tough and tall and ugly,  
Resourceful, bright and gay. (The early meaning of gay !)  
So they took off in their Fighters,  
And they shot Nips down that day,  
And we planted Nips by thousands,  
On the shores of old Milne Bay.  
CHORUS.

There arose some mighty heros,  
On the shores of old Milne Bay.  
Dip the lid to blokes like Truscott,  
And shout Hip-Hip-Hooray.  
For he got right in amongst 'em,  
With Turnbull too, they say,  
And we planted Nips by thousands,  
On the shores of old Milne Bay.  
CHORUS.

Yes, we licked the yellow blighters,  
On the shores of old Milne Bay.  
Let 'em come then in their thousands,  
And we'll stuff 'em any day.  
Oh, we bombed an' strafed an' sunk 'em,  
And we mowed 'em down like hay.  
CHORUS.  
REPEAT CHORUS.

## HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean)

In peacetime the Regulars are happy,  
Yes, in peacetime they're anxious to serve.  
But just let them get into trouble,  
And they'll call out the goddamn Reserves.

Chorus: Call Out, Call Out,  
Call out the goddamn Reserves, Reserves,  
Call Out, Call Out,  
Oh, Call out the goddamn Reserves.

Here's to the Regular Air Force,  
They have such a wonderful plan.  
They call out the goddamn Reservists,  
Whenever the crap hits the fan.  
CHORUS.

They call up the war weary pilots,  
They ask for the drafted young man.  
They send the Reserves to Korea,  
While the Regulars stay in Japan.  
CHORUS.

So here's to the Regular Air Force,  
With their medals an' badges galore.  
If it weren't for the goddamn Reservists,  
Their arse would be dragging the floor.  
CHORUS.

## YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

(Tune: Mine Eyes have seen the Glory)

By the ring around his eyeball, you can tell a Bombardier,  
You can tell a Bomber pilot by the spread across his rear.  
You can tell a Navigator by his sextants, maps and such,  
You can tell a Fighter pilot, but you can't tell him much.

#### CIGARETTES AND SAKI AND WILD, WILD JOSUN

Chorus: Cigarettes and Saki and wild, wild josun,  
They'll drive you crazy, They'll drive you insane.  
Cigarettes and saki and wild, wild josun,  
They'll drive you crazy, They'll drive you insane.

Now once I was happy, I had a dear wife,  
I had enough Yen, to last all my life.  
I met with a josun, we went on a spree,  
She started me smoking, and drinking saki.  
CHORUS.

I got into bed, there some sleep for to get,  
She said no sleep Fly-boy, I no tired yet,  
I woke the next morning, a quarter past ten,  
I was missin' my wallet and ten thousand Yen.  
CHORUS.

Now back in Shitoshi, I'm limping about,  
Me and the doctor, are sweating it out.  
He gave me some pills, from a jug on the shelf,  
Then he poured out a dozen or two for himself.  
CHORUS.

#### I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings 'til I got the goddamned things,  
Now I don't want them any more.  
They taught me how to fly, then they sent me off to die,  
I've had a belly full of war.  
You can save those bloody Zeros for the other goddamned heros,  
Distinguished Flying Crosses don't compensate for losses, Buster.

CHORUS: I wanted wings 'til I got the goddamned things,  
Now I don't want them any more.

Yes I'll take the dames, while the rest go down in flames,  
I have no desire to be burned.  
Air combat spells romance, 'til they shoot holes in my pants,  
I'm not a fighter, I have learned,  
You can save those Mitsubishis, for the other sons-of-bitches,  
For I'd rather have a woman, than be shot down in a Grumman, Buster.  
CHORUS.

Now I'm too young, to die in a lousy PBV,  
That's for the eager, not for me.  
I don't trust my luck, to be picked up by a 'Duck',  
After I've crashed into the sea.  
Yes I'd rather be a bell-hop, than a flyer from a 'Flat-top',  
With my hand around a bottle, you can keep your goddamned throttle, Buster.  
CHORUS.

I don't care to tour, over Berlin and the Rhur,  
Flak always makes me lose my lunch.  
I get an urge to pray, when they holla 'Bombs away',  
I'd rather be home with the bunch,  
For there's one thing you can't laugh off,  
And that's when they shoot your tail-pipe half off,  
For I'd rather be home Buster, with my arse, than with a cluster, Buster.  
CHORUS.

They feed us lousy chow, but we get along somehow,  
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew.  
Rumour has it next, they'll be dehydrating sex,  
And that's the day I'll tell the coach I'm through,  
For I've managed all the dangers, the shooting back at strangers,  
But when I get home late, I want my woman straight, Buster.  
CHORUS.

#### PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS

Parties, Banquets and Balls, Boys,  
Parties, Banquets and Balls,  
As our Defence Minister has said before,  
There's only one way to stay out of a war,  
That's with parties, banquets and balls boys,  
We'll have parties and Banquets and,  
Banquets and Parties,  
And Balls, Balls, Balls.

#### THEY SOLD THE COW

They sold the Cow, They've sold the Cow,  
They've got no use, for our Bull now.



### MORE FLYING REGULATIONS

I know a fighting team that sang a fighting song,  
About the wild blue yonder and the days when men were strong,  
But now we're regulated 'cause we don't know right from wrong.

Chorus: The Force is shot to hell,  
More flying regulations,  
Have them read in all the stations,  
Burn the arse off them who breaks 'em,  
The Force is shot to hell.

Once they flew Mustangs through a wall of Flak,  
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring 'em back,  
Now they're playing ping-pong in the Operations shack.  
CHORUS.

I've seen 'em in their T-bolts when their eyes were full o'flame  
I've heard their screamin' dives and they've cursed Goering's  
name,

Now they fly like sissies an' they hang their heads in shame.  
CHORUS.

Now one day I buzzed an airfield with another happy chap,  
We flew a hot formation with my wingtip on his lap,  
So they passed a new Directive and we have no more of that.  
CHORUS.

So now mine eyes are dim with tears, for happy days of old,  
We love to take our chances for our hearts are young an' bold,  
From now on we have no choice, but live to be quite old.  
CHORUS.

### RULE BRITANNIA

Rule Britannia,  
Marmalade and jam,  
Five Chinese crackers up your arse-hole,  
Bang - Bang - Bang - Bang - Bang.

### SIDI SLIMANE SONG

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

Now gather 'round closely, I'll sing this refrain,  
Of our life in Morocco, here at Sidi Slimane,  
There's not enough women, to grace this bare land,  
But there's plenty of flea bites, of dung heaps and sand.

The heat in the daytime, will wither your soul,  
And through the long evenings, you will shiver with cold,  
It's so dirty and sticky, with the heat and the smell,  
You'll think you've been buried and you've gone to hell.

Each pilot then swears that, he's been wrongly assigned,  
And the Force Commanders, have gone out of their minds,  
While he sits there sweatin', wondering why he's there,  
The salt from his brow drops, makes his whisky taste queer.

So we'll try some rye whisky and we'll try some rum,  
And a gallon of Cognac, and the answer will come,  
We need some equipment, and we need some supplies,  
But any improvement, will be a surprise.

And the boys you will notice, who take it so hard,  
Are the recalled Reservists, and the Air National Guard,  
But with all of their whining, there's one thing that's clear  
Sure it's rough in Morocco, but it's death in Korea.

### STUFF THE AIR BOARD

(Tune: Tit Willow)

An Airman lay dying on Papuan soil,  
Stuff Air Board, Stuff Air Board, Stuff Air Board,  
And with his last gasp, he gave out the good oil,  
Stuff Air Board, Stuff Air Board, Stuff Air Board.  
And the reason they gave for his being dead meat,  
Was that he'd had stuff all but baked beans to eat,  
So join in this chorus, with fervour and heat,  
Stuff Air Board, Stuff Air Board, Stuff Air Board.

## AIR FORCE 801

(Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, oh hear old Merlin roar,  
I'm flying over Fuji like I never flew before.  
Hear the rush of slipstream and hear old Merlin moan,  
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my Prop has overrun,  
My coolant's overheated and the gauge says 1-2-1,  
You'd better get the crash crew out and get 'em on the run.

Listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,  
I can't call the crash crew out, this is their coffee hour,  
You're not cleared in the pattern, that is plain to see,  
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP.

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,  
I'm turning on my downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun,  
My engine's runnin' very rough, my coolant's gonna' blow,  
I'm gonna' bend this Mustang, so look out down below.

Now listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,  
We'd like to let you in right now, but we haven't the power,  
We'll send a note through channels and wait for a reply,  
Until we get permission back, just hold there in the sky.

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,  
I'm turning onto finals, I'm runnin' on one lung,  
I'm gonna' land this Mustang, no matter what you say,  
I've gotta' get my charts fixed up before my judgement day.

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,  
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven and my flying days are done,  
I'm sorry that I blew up, I couldn't make the grade,  
I guess I should've waited 'til the landing was okayed.

## THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh there are no Fighter Pilots down in hell,  
Oh there are no Fighter Pilots down in hell,  
Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers,  
Oh there are no Fighter Pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray,  
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray,  
They're all in USO's, wearing ribbons an' fancy clothes,  
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce,  
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce,  
The auto-pilot's On while he's reading novels in the john,  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce.

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare,  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare,  
His gyros are uncaged and his women overaged,  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh there are no Fighter Pilots up in Wing,  
Oh there are no Fighter Pilots up in Wing,  
The place is full of brass, sittin' round on their fat arse,  
Oh there are no Fighter Pilots up in Wing.

Oh there are no Fighter Pilots in Japan,  
Oh there are no Fighter Pilots in Japan,  
They're all across the Bay, gettin' shot at everyday,  
Oh there are no Fighter Pilots in Japan.

Oh there are no Fighter Pilots in the States,  
Oh there are no Fighter Pilots in the States,  
They're off on foreign shores, makin' mothers out of whores,  
Oh there are no Fighter Pilots in the States.

Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice,  
Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice,  
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population,  
Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice.

WREAK OF THE OLD 97

(Tune: Wreak of Old 97)

There were 97 airplanes running up on the apron,  
As far as the eye could see,  
Now the first 96 were of recent construction,  
But the last was a Mustang Dee. (P-51D)

Then a Second Lieutenant wandered into Operations,  
And asked for a ship to fly,  
They said young man we're very short of airplanes,  
But we'll get you a something by an' by.

Now, the first 46 are reserved for the Majors,  
The Captains have the next 49,  
There's only one other ship on the end of the apron,  
Said the Bog-rat and that one is mine.

So he flew over Tojon and the Payview airstrips,  
When the Ceiling began to fall,  
The clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains,  
He couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through the rain, he flew through the snowstorm,  
Then the light began to fail,  
And he spied a railroad going in his direction,  
So, he said better go by rail.

He flew down the valley and he dodged through the canyon,  
Keeping that train in his sight,  
'Til that train disappeared into a hole in the mountain,  
That was the end of his flight.

It was old 97, with her nose in the mountain,  
Her wheels set a kimbo on the track,  
Yes her throttle was bent in the full forward position,  
But her engine was facing straight back.

Oh, ladies, ladies, take fair warning from this time on,  
Never speak harsh words to your high flying pilot,  
He may leave you and never return.

K-9 BLUES (77SQN in KOREAN WAR)

Joe wakes us up at break of day,  
He says, 'Now fellers, on your way'.  
No wonder we're all turning grey,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

We race outside, jump in the blitz,  
All wearing our survival kits,  
The whole thing gives us all the shits,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

And if we should have some aborts,  
We may get a frown,  
On long escorts, not close supports,  
Usually they're found.

We see a peasant on a farm,  
He looks at us with much alarm,  
As if he expects to wear our napalm,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

We pull up from a rocket dive  
Indicating ninety-five,  
We'll be lucky to survive,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

And when we call on Mollow,  
To get instructions for a flight,  
If he should say Sinuiju,  
We'd die of bloody fright.

He sounds so calm, his voice serene,  
He doesn't know my face is green,  
I guess I'm just an old 'has-been',  
It's foolish but it's fun.

Then in to land, I see the deck,  
I wonder if I'll break my neck,  
For I black out each time I check,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

One day I'll overstrain myself,  
And go right overboard,  
And com-mit bloody suicide,  
With a missing razor cord.

Ah, come the day, but until then,  
We'll all press on rewardless, men,  
Our napalm's mightier than the pen,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

With Dropkick Easley in the van,  
These ruddy Chinese up and ran,  
And Lyall Klaffer, what a con-man,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

Young Les Reading's in the pink,  
We'll have another go I think,  
Could he mean another drink ?  
It's foolish but it's fun.

In a corner Scotty Cadan's,  
Talking P.R. Spits,  
He'd like to photograph Korea,  
In little stuffing bits.

But for Photo Recce there's no hope,  
For the switches we must grope,  
Bombs and bullets, that's the dope,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

Now back upon the bloody deck,  
Why do I risk my stuffing neck ?  
A day to go so what the heck,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

Our INTELO Ralph says, 'How many trucks',  
'Any tanks, artillery, geese or ducks ?',  
But I don't give two common ...ks,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

So bowed an' battered, home I go,  
The cause of freedom saved,  
To wake up screaming in the night,  
Dreaming of how I've slaved.

I think to make up for my sins,  
I'll have myself a dozen Gins,  
And re-convert to stuffing TWINS,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

Our CO works us far too much,  
Three trips a day (or night),  
With life we lose our stuffing touch,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

In our cockpits there we sit,  
For hours an' hours we do our bit,  
'Cause if we don't we're in the shit,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

Perhaps with a hundred Sorties up,  
I'll win the DFC,  
Perhaps one day I'll get some leave,  
To Aussie 'cross the sea.

But in the meantime there's no show,  
Into the stuffing blue I go,  
Rain, hail, sleet or stuffing snow,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

Now one newcomer's keen to fly,  
It's Flight Lieutenant Loey Blyth,  
Two hundred hours a month he'd try,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

To Iwakuni he's recalled,  
The poor old bastard nearly bawled,  
The thought of flying jets appalled,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

He whistled 'round the circuit,  
At a hundred bloody knots,  
He dreamed of flying Tiger Moths,  
With slits an' slats an' slots.

Those stuffin' jets may be okay,  
But I'll take Mustangs any day,  
The piston engine's here to stay,  
It's foolish but it's fun.

Let Meggsie lead the first attack,  
Hunt and Cannon at his back,  
And I'll cop all the bloody Flak,  
It's foolish but it's fun.



MY DARLING METEOR (MEATBOX)

(Tune: My Darling Clementine)

All top brass in the RAAF,  
They jus' signed for this here whore,  
They are lucky, they jus' bought it,  
They don't fly the ole Meteor.

CHORUS: Oh my darling, Oh my darling,  
Oh my darling F Mk8,  
You are lost and gone forever,  
Fare thee well my clumsy crate.

The North Korean MiG-15's,  
Caused our five to hit the groun',  
They flew rings 'round our machines,  
But our boys shot five MiG's down.  
CHORUS.

Meatboxes flew with guns an' rockets,  
Doin' their best to pound the ground,  
Rarely caught with hands in pockets,  
They destroyed most targets found.  
CHORUS.

Flyin' fast in me ole Meatbox,  
Tryin' hard to reach the shore,  
Hit by Flak, my engines faltered,  
Fare thee well my Meteor.  
CHORUS.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ARSE

(Tune: Throw a Nickle on the Drum)

It was midnight in Korea, all the pilots were in bed,  
When in walked GENERAL Marcus, and this is what he said.  
'Pilots, gentle pilots, how I love you one and all,  
Meteors, gentle Meteors', and the pilots shouted - Balls.  
Then up spoke a young Australian, with a voice as bold as brass,  
'You can take your bloody Meteors, and shove them up your arse'.

CHORUS: Oh Halleluja, Oh Halleluja,  
Throw a nickel on the grass, save a Fighter Pilot's arse,  
Oh Halleluja, Oh Halleluja,  
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved.

I was cruising down the Yalu, doing six an' twenty per,  
When a call from the major, oh won't you save me, Sir ?,  
Got three Flak holes in my wings, my tanks are out of Gas,  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I've got six MiGs up my ass.  
CHORUS.

I shot my traffic pattern and to me it looked alright,  
The airspeed read one-thirty, my God I racked it tight,  
Then the airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze,  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please.  
CHORUS.

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my wing tip hit the ground,  
Got a call from Mobile, 'Pull up and Go Around',  
I yanked that Meatbox in the air, a hundred feet or more,  
One engine quit, I damn near shit, the gear came through the floor.  
CHORUS.

It was split S on my bomb run, an' I got too goddamned low,  
But I pressed that bloody button, an' I let those babies go,  
Sucked the Stick back fast as blazes, an' I hit a high speed stall,  
Now I won't see my mother when this work's all done next Fall.  
CHORUS.

Strafing on the target, my passes were too low,  
Got a call from Turkeytrot, 'Once more an' home you go',  
I racked that Meteor in the air, fifty-odd feet or more,  
Alas, alak, I'm on my back, why did I use full bore.  
CHORUS.

They sent me down to Pyongyang, the brief said skoshe Ack Ack,  
But by the time that I arrived there, my wings were mostly Flak,  
'Then my engine coughed an' spluttered, it was too cut up to fly,  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I'm too young to die.  
CHORUS.

I bailed out from my Meteor, my landing was top line,  
With my E an' E equipment, I made for our front line,  
Then I opened up my ration tin to see what was in it,  
The goddamned quartermaster had filled the thing with shit.  
CHORUS.

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit,  
For one can't go very far, on a ration tin of shit,  
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly,  
But I'll 've quartermaster's bollocks for breakfast 'til I die.  
CHORUS.

#### YOU'LL NEVER MIND

Come on and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say,  
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day,  
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old an' blind,  
You'll take to the air without a care, and you will never mind.

CHORUS. You'll never mind, You'll never mind,  
Come an' join the Air Force, and you will never mind.

Promotions come upon you, just as high as you desire,  
You're riding on the gravy train, when you're an Air Force flyer,  
But when you're just about to be a GENERAL you will find,  
Your engine coughs, your wings fall off, and you will never mind.  
CHORUS.

One day you loop an' spin her, and with an awful tear,  
You find yourself without your wings, but you will never care,  
For in about two minutes more, another pair you'll find,  
You'll fly with Pete and his Angels sweet, and you will never mind.  
CHORUS.

You're flying over the ocean, when you hear your engine spit,  
You watch the Prop come to a stop, the goddamned engine's quit,  
The ship won't float and you can't swim, the shore is miles behind,  
You'll be a dish for happy fish, but you will never mind.  
CHORUS.

I'm flying my F-86, along the Yalu shore,  
I'm loyal to the Air Force, but I'm rotten to the core,  
I've only got one engine Jack, an' if that bastard quits,  
It'll be up there all by itself, 'cause I'm the kind that gits.  
CHORUS.

Maybe you'll ride the gravy train, in administrative work,  
Let other guys light up the skies, why should you be a jerk ?,  
You'll meet that higher officer, to whom you've been assigned,  
With your nose in place, and not only on your face, you will never mind.  
CHORUS.

Along comes a MiG-15, he shoots you down in flames,  
Don't waste your time belly-achin', an' call the bastard names,  
Just shove your stick into the ground, and soon you will find,  
That all is well and there ain't no Hell, and you will never mind.  
CHORUS.

#### SONG OF THE SABRES (SWORDS)

I looked upon the schedule and was happy as a king,  
For once I had a mission that I wasn't flying wing.  
I went down to the briefing room and my tiger blood went ping,  
For there sat COL Joe McSchmoe and they had me on his wing,  
REPEAT LAST LINE.

The mission was all briefed to go at quarter after nine,  
Gabby had given us all the poop, The weather it was fine.  
'One word of advice', he said to us, 'though I hate to spoil your fun',  
'Slay out from in front of that MiG-15, it's got too big a gun',  
REPEAT LAST LINE.

We were augerin' around away up there as watchful as could be,  
Red Leader said, 'Take a look at Six and see what you can see'.  
I took a look at Six O'clock and much to my surprise,  
I discovered a BOOM BOOM BOOM right before my eyes,  
REPEAT LAST LINE.

The cannon balls were flying around as thick as they could be,  
I took one look and said, says I, 'this ain't no place for me.'  
I rolled it over an' sucked it through and took it down below,  
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM an' don't come down low,  
REPEAT LAST LINE.

I shoved the throttle to the wall a' runnin' for my life,  
Red Leader said, 'Come back here, you coward, an' join in the strife'.  
'You A...', I said with quaking voice, 'this ain't no place for Me',  
So I racked it up an' pulled it around an' took it out to sea,  
REPEAT LAST LINE.

I took a hit upon the wing, another in the tail,  
The way that Sabre was bucking around, I'd surely have to bail.  
I reached into the cockpit and pulled the handle red,  
If I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead,  
REPEAT LAST LINE.

The moral of this story is, if you're ever in a fight,  
And you've got a MiG at Six O'clock, and he's all tucked in tight.  
Don't ever roll out or pull it up, that's my advice to you,  
Cause you'll never get rid of the SOB no matter what you do,  
REPEAT LAST LINE.

#### THE ARMY-AIR FORCE HEAVEN

(Tune: The Bells of Hell)

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day,  
Beside his shattered fighter plane, a poor young pilot lay,  
His parachute hung from a tree, but he was not yet dead,  
And as they gathered around him, these were the words he said.

I'm going to that better land, where the motors always roar,  
Where the egg-nogs grow on egg plants, in the quartermaster store,  
Where there aren't no Interceptors or enemies around,  
There'll be apple pie, an' hock an' rye, an' pilots go there when they die,  
in the Army-Air Force heaven.

The pilot lay beside the fall, with medics clustered 'round,  
Then he said 'It's such a lovely place, I swear I'm bound.'  
The crankshaft in his liver, and a spark plug on his nose,  
He says, 'I'm flying fast my friends, to where every pilot goes.'

I'm going to that better land where the Airmen rise in style,  
Where the automatic pilot works, and we sit back and smile.  
There's a girl for every officer and a dozen for the crew,  
There'll be beds of hay, in the old Bomb-bay,  
And the boys will shout out 'Bombs Away',  
In the Army-Air Force heaven.

His breath came fast, he couldn't last, with sadness they eyed him,  
The Medics wept, tears rolled down, and pools flowed beside him,  
The waters rose, they reached his toes, he floated where he lay,  
And as he drifted out of sight, his comrades heard him say.

I'm going to that better land, where the Flak doesn't fly,  
Where the bullets are all cotton buds, an' the shells are apple pie,  
Where the clouds are champagne cocktails, an' you drink 'em on the fly,  
But it's time to leave, don't you believe, I'll be flying the whole sky,  
In the Army-Air Force heaven.

I'm going to a better land, where everything is bright,  
Where Whisky flows from 'phone poles an' I play poker every night.  
We haven't got a thing to do, but sit around and sing,  
And all our crews are women, Oh death, where is thy sting.

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling, Oh death where is thy sting,  
The bells of hell will ring ting-a-ling, in the Army-Air Force thing,

Oh, ting-a-ling, blow it out your arse,  
Ting-a-ling, a-ling-ling, blow it out your arse,  
Ting-a-ling, a-ling-ling, blow it out your arse,  
Better days are coming bye and bye.

#### GENERAL SALUTE (Tune: RAAF General Salute)

Spring to attention boys,  
Here comes the Air Vice Marshal,  
He might've lots of rings,  
But he's only got one arsehole.

THE JUSMAG SONG (by Lucky Starr) (In Ubon, Thailand,  
79SQN RAAF used to play Combat Rules  
Volley-ball against JUSMAG - the Joint  
United States Military Advisory Group)

In Ubon town of ill reputé,  
Where volley-ball is in dispute,  
We've got a team, who's really beaut,  
It's the Strines, who else,  
Each Saturday, it's always on,  
A battle sport in old Ubon,  
To JUSMAG then, we sing this song,  
To show you how we feel,  
Haar, haar, haar, haar,  
Piss on JUSMAG.

McNAMARA's BAND (In 1968, then WGCDR Neville McNamara,  
who later became RAAF CAS, then CDFS,  
was OC RAAF Contingent, Royal Thai Air  
Force Base UBON overseeing 79SQN Avon  
SABRE jet Unit, assigned to Air Defence  
of North Eastern Thailand)

My name is McNamara,  
I'm the leader of the band,  
and though we're small in numbers,  
we're the best in all Thailand,  
Our neighbours see Sabres defending the Cause,  
My word 'tis something grand,  
A credit to all Aussie boys,  
Is McNamara's Band.

If the balloon goes up an' the MiG's front,  
Our Cannons will blaze away,  
Fordy will ready his rockets,  
While Bubbles and Hank will play,  
Oh, if poor Dangles was living now,  
He'd make yez understand,  
That none could do him justice,  
Like McNamara's Band.

DRINKING SONG

What's the use of drinking tea,  
Indulging in sobriety,  
Teetotald perverity,  
It's healthier to booze.

What's the use of milk and water,  
There are drinks that never alter,  
Be aloud in your quarter,  
Come on, lose your blues.

Mix yourself a shandy,  
Drown yourself in brandy,  
Sherry sweet or whisky neat,  
Or any other liquor that is handy.

What's the blinking sense in drinking,  
Anything that doesn't make you stinking,  
There is nothing quite like sinking,  
Blotto to the floor.

Abberations metabolic,  
Ceilings that are hyperbolic,  
These are for the alchoholic,  
Lying on the floor.

Vodka for your auntie,  
Gin to make you hearty,  
Lemonade was only made,  
For drinking when your mother's at the party.

Steer clear of home-made beer,  
Or anything that isn't labelled clear,  
There is nothing else to fear,  
Bottoms up, my boys.

LET'S SING A HYMN

Hymn, Hymn, STUFF Him.



## LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go 'round,  
World go 'round, world go 'round,  
Parties make the world go 'round,  
So let's have a party....

Let's have a party, let's have some fun,  
Let's have a party, 77 Squadron's on the run.  
Break Left, Break Right,  
Streamers on the wing,  
Snap-dragons, Slow-rolls,  
We do everything.  
We are the joy boys of old Kimpo,  
Hello, hello, hello, hello-oh-oh.

We're gonna tear down the bar in the Officer's Mess, BOO  
We're goin' to build us a new bar, RAY  
It's only gonna be one foot wide, BOO  
But it's gonna be a mile long, RAY  
There'll be no bartenders in our bar, BOO  
We're only gonna have barmaids, RAY  
Our barmaids will wear long dresses, BOO  
Made out of cellophane, RAY  
You can't take our barmaids home, BOO  
They'll take you home, RAY  
You can't sleep with our barmaids, BOO  
They won't let you sleep, RAY  
Soda's gonna cost ten bucks a glass, BOO  
Whisky's free, RAY  
Only one serve to each pilot, BOO  
Served in buckets, RAY  
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river, BOO  
Then we'll all go swimmin', RAY  
No girls are allowed in the Mess Ante room, BOO  
With their clothes on, RAY  
There'll be no lovin' on the dance floor, BOO  
And no dancing on the lovin' floor. RAY

Parties make the world go 'round,  
REPEAT FIRST VERSE.

## GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, with props that counter-rotate,  
They'll flick and they'll spin, an' they'll sucker you in,  
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS: No ! Give me Operations, way out on some lonely Atoll,  
For I'm too young to die, I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a P-39, with an engine that's mounted behind,  
It will tumble and roll, and dig a big hole,  
Don't give me a P-39.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me a Peter Four-Oh, it's a hell of an airplane I know,  
It's a ground-loopin' bastard, an' you're sure to get plastered,  
Don't give me a Peter Four-Oh.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me an old T-Bolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt,  
It looks like a Jug, and flies like one for any mug,  
Don't give me an old T-Bolt.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me a Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far,  
It'll splutter an' spout, and whilst airborne, snuff out,  
Don't give me a Shooting Star.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me an F-86, though it may seem good for kicks,  
But not with aft section fires, an' lots of blown tyres,  
Don't give me an F-86.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me an F-89, though the manual says she'll climb,  
They're all in the States, all boxed up in crates,  
Don't give me an F-89.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me a grotty old Can'bra, with straight wings, bomb bag or camera  
You won't get too far, in this airborne tram car,  
Don't give me a grotty old Can'bra.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me an F-94, it never established a score,  
It may fly in weather, but it won't hold together,  
Don't give me an F-94.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets, radar and A/B,  
She's fast, I don't care, She blows up in mid-air,  
Don't give me an 86-D.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me a Hunter Mk9, the airframes are all outa 'lign,  
Whenever they fly, they fall out of the sky,  
Don't give me a Hunter Mk9.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me a One Double-Oh, the bastard is ready to blow,  
The A/B is there, but you'll still need a prayer,  
Don't give me a One Double-Oh.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me an F-101, it hasn't even got a gun,  
It's pitch up and pitch down, are matters of renown,  
Don't give me an F-101.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when it's blue,  
An all-weather coffin, that flames out so often,  
Don't give me an F-102.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me a BAC 167, though their engines are all highly revvin',  
They make stuff all noise, they're just toys for the boys,  
Don't give me a BAC 167.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me a Lightning Mk6, their serviceability is Nix,  
with two on the Line, the RAF's doin' real fine,  
Don't give me a Lightning Mk6.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me Skyhawk A-4's, they carry far too many Stores,  
They make one hell of a comotion, when they splotch into the ocean,  
Don't give me Skyhawk A-4's.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me F-104, with compressor stalls galore,  
The wings are so small, that you can't turn it at all,  
Don't give me an F-104.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me a Mirage IIIE, it consumes hughmongus Energy,  
It flies on Induced Drag, an' wrings you out like a rag,  
Don't give me a Mirage IIIE.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me an F-105, with no room to pull out of a dive,  
It manoeuvres quite well, straight ahead and goes like hell,  
Don't give me an F-105.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me a Mirage IIID, it has trouble defying Gravity,  
It won't fall apart, but spears-in like a dart,  
Don't give me a Mirage IIID.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me an F-4E, in the night with no Utility,  
Those hard landing drops and those quick Hook-Wire stops,  
Don't give me an F-4E.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me a Mirage IIIO, They're all on the Line jus' for show,  
The bastards won't start, they jus' rumble and fart,  
Don't give me a Mirage IIIO.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me a Mirage IIIOA, especially for an Air Display,  
It's a portable Prang, causing one hell of a Bang,  
Don't give me a Mirage IIIOA.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me an F-111, the ride's more hell than heaven,  
That terrain following at night, jus' doesn't seem right,  
Don't give me an F-111.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me an F-15 Eagle, it's far too big to be legal,  
The PRATT donks flame-out while pilots re-start 'em an' shout,  
Don't give me an F-15 Eagle.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me F-16's, they break up into smithereens,  
One canopy strike by a bird and you're no worth a turd,  
Don't give me F-16's.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me F/A-18's, with all their CRT Screens,  
They make pilots feel spastic, 'cause the craft's made of plastic,  
Don't give me F/A-18's.  
CHORUS.

Don't give me a 'Mahogany Bomber', workin' the Grey Sponge's a bumner,  
I'd end up with piles, a flat arse and no smiles,  
Don't give me a 'Mahogany Bomber'.  
CHORUS.

#### FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS (OF FUEL)

(Tune: Five Hundred Miles)

If I miss the approach I'm on,  
You will know that I am gone,  
You can see the gauge read one thousand pounds.

One thousand pounds, One thousand pounds,  
One thousand pounds, One thousand pounds,  
You can see the gauge read one thousand pounds.

Lord I'm nine, Lord I'm eight,  
Lord I'm seven, Lord I'm six,  
Lord I'm five hundred pounds from my home.

Five hundred pounds, Five hundred pounds,  
Five hundred pounds, Five hundred pounds,  
Lord I'm five hundred pounds from my home.

Not a Store upon my 'plane,  
Not a gallon to my name,  
Lord I can't go a home this a way.

This a way, this a way,  
This a way, This a way,  
Lord I can't go a home this a way.

If I miss the approach I'm on,  
You will know that I am gone,  
You can see the gauge read one hundred pounds.

#### BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all,  
The needle, the airspeed and ball,  
Bless all the Instructors who taught me to fly,  
Sent me up solo and left me to die,  
And if your 'blow-jet' should stall,  
You're due for one hell of a fall,  
No lillies or violets for dead Fighter Pilots,  
But cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,  
The long, the short and the tall,  
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet,  
I know a guy who is cursing him yet,  
For he tried to go over the wall,  
With its tiptanks, tailpipes an' all,  
The needle did cross an' the wings came off,  
But cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,  
The Avon, the 'Winders and all,  
Bless all the Aussies for buildin' this jet,  
I don't know a guy who has cursed it yet,  
But they really went over the wall,  
With two 30 Mil Cannons and all,  
If you honk on the stick, the ole Sabre will flick,  
But cheer up my lads, Bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all,  
The Bezu, the Matra and all,  
Bless old man Dassault for building this jet,  
All those Arabs do hate her I bet,  
'Cause the Israeli Mirages had a ball,  
With Radar, the Doppler and all,  
She'll fly at the speed of heat, turnin' turkeys into meat,  
But cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Through the wall, through the wall,  
That bloody invisible wall,  
That transonic journey is nothing but rough,  
As bad as a ride on a Clark Air Base bus,  
So I'm staying away from the wall,  
Subsonic for me and that's all,  
If you're hot, you might make it,  
But you'll probably break it,  
Your arse or your neck, not the wall.

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all,  
The long, the short and the tall,  
Bless all the Sergeants and their bloody sons,  
Bless all the Corporals and fat headed ones,  
I'm sayin' goodbye to them all,  
The long, the short and the tall,  
There'll be no promotion, this side of the ocean,  
But cheer up my lads, Bless 'em all.

#### ZOOT SUITS AND PARACHUTES

(Tune: Bell Bottomed Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid, down in Drury Lane,  
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same,  
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be,  
And he was the cause of all her misery.

CHORUS: Singing Zoot Suits and parachutes, and uniforms of blue,  
He'll fly a Fighter, like his Daddy used to do.

He asked for a candle to light his way to bed,  
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head,  
And she, like a silly girl, thinking it no harm,  
Climbed in bed beside him, jus' to keep the bastard warm.  
CHORUS.

Now early in the morning, before the break of day,  
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say,  
Take this my darling, for the damage I have done,  
By me you'll have a daughter, or by me you'll have a son.  
CHORUS.

Now the moral of my story, as you can plainly see,  
Is never trust a pilot, an inch above the knee,  
This barmaid trusted one, and he went off to fly,  
Leaving her a daughter, to help the time go by.

NEW CHORUS: Singing Zoot Suit and parachutes,  
and Uniforms of Blue,  
She'll never fly a Fighter,  
Like her Daddy used to do.

#### PHANTOM CO-PILOT'S LAMENT (G.I.B.'s LAMENT)

(Tune: Cowboys Lament)

I'm the Co-pilot, I sit in the back,  
It's up to me to be as sharp as a tack,  
I never make small talk, for I'll have regrets,  
And I must remember what the Captain forgets.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather,  
I read off the checklist and sit back there tethered,  
I make out the mail forms and all the reports,  
And fly the old crate while my skipper cavorts.

I make all the headings not touching the Stick,  
And look in the scope when the weather is thick,  
And I tell him where we are on the darkest night,  
And do all the book work without any light.

I call for my skipper and buy him his Cokes,  
And I always laugh at his corny jokes,  
And once in a while when his landings are busy,  
I come through with, 'Bloody oath it's gusty'.

And all in all I'm a general stooge,  
As I sit to the aft of this man, this scrooge,  
But maybe someday with great understanding,  
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.

### NORTHWARD HO

(Tune: I'm looking over a Four Leaf Clover)

I'm looking Northward to Haiphong Harbour,  
While SAMs on the ground look at me,  
Seventh says go-go,  
But I'd rather not,  
It's right in the arsehole that I'll surely get shot.

I'm not complaining, I'm jus' explaining,  
So two stay with me through the pass,  
Jink through the jungle, make the A/B rumble,  
And we'll fly up our own arse.

### ON TOP OF OLD HANOI

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Hanoi, all covered with Flak,  
I lost my poor wingman, he'll never come back,  
For flying is pleasure, and dying is grief,  
And a quick triggered commie, is worse than a thief.

For a thief will jus' rob you, and take all you have,  
But a quick triggered commie, will send you to the grave,  
And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust,  
Not one MiG in a thousand, a Phantom can trust.

Now when the bad weather keeps the ships down,  
All way we can hear, this horrible sound,  
Attention all pilots, now listen to this,  
There'll be a short meeting, that you dare not miss.

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more,  
But we have all heard them, twenty five times before,  
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the group,  
Whatever they tell you, is superfluous poop.

### THE RED RIVER VALLEY

To the Red River Valley we're going,  
For to get us some trains and some track,  
But if I had my say-so about it,  
I'd still be home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the Briefing,  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,  
To the Red River Valley we're going,  
And I'm flying four in flight Blue.

We went for to check on the weather,  
And they said it was clear as can be,  
Now I lost my Wingman 'round the field,  
And the rest augered in out at sea.

SA-2 said there's no Flak where we're going,  
S-2 said there's Flak on the way,  
There's a dark overcast o'er the target,  
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

An F-100 went by like a whirlwind,  
And an F-8 went by like a breeze,  
And a C-47 with one feathered,  
Went by hosin' of his 20's.

To the Red River Valley we are going,  
And many strange sights will we see,  
But the one there that held my attention,  
Was the SAM that they threw up at me.

### RAIL CUTTERS

(Tune: Cold, Cold Heart)

I tried so hard, Wild Bill to cut,  
That streak of railroad track,  
But I'm afraid that all I did,  
Was dodge that flying Flak,  
I know that one is all it takes,  
To blow my arse apart,  
Why can't I get just one rail cut,  
And melt your cold, cold heart.



### SPRING TIME ON THE RED RIVER

(Tune: When it's Spring Time in the Rockies)

When it's springtime on the Red River and the MiGs come up to play,  
And the contrails run in circles, Fighter Pilots earn their pay,  
We'll hold our triggers steady when our Sights are zeroed in,  
We'll hold our glasses ready when pass out Rum and Gin.

When it's springtime on the Red River and the napalm is in bloom,  
And your 'Winders do the talking and it's just a MiG and you,  
Once again you'll hear me whisper that my fuel is running low,  
When it's springtime on the Red River then it's time for us to go.

### THE PRETTIEST SHIP

CHORUS: Leader: The prettiest ship.  
All: The prettiest ship.  
Leader: Out on the line.  
All: Out on the line.  
Leader: The MiG-21.  
All: The MiG-21.  
Leader: Flies fast and fine.  
All: Flies fast and fine.  
Leader: The prettiest ship out on the line.  
All: The MiG-21 flies fast and fine.

When we go up and fly at noon,  
The MiG-21's leap off the moon.

Then they come down and pretty soon,  
A pissed off Tiger lowers the boom.

On all our planes we paint red stars,  
For MiG-21's that land on Mars.

We chase them up to forty four,  
That Phantom II ain't got much more.

The throttle's set right at full bore,  
We'll never catch that little whore.

Then they start home and Casey calls,  
We're letting down, no sweat at all.

We're coming in with thirteen crews,  
Twelve MiG-21's, one Phantom II.

The moral of this story is clear,  
When you first start home, check your rear.

'Cause if you don't you're sure to find,  
A MiG-21 tucked in behind.

### BLINDBAT

(Tune: You are My Sunshine)

You are my Blindbat, my only Blindbat,  
You flare my targets when skies are grey,  
I chase your trucks from Ron to Dong Hoi,  
Just to find they have all slipped away.

The other night, as I was flying,  
I heard old Blindbat say,  
I've got a convoy down by Phat Ban,  
Won't you head that way if you can.

He said he had me in radar contact,  
And I believed him like a dope,  
I flew to Phat Ban and still no convoy,  
He had chased St Elmo across his nose.

You were my Blindbat, my only Blindbat,  
How could you let me down this way,  
My chute was swinging they heard me singing,  
Won't you take my Blindbat away.

### F-111C (AARD-VARK or B-111)

(Tune: Why was He Born)

Why was it made so ugly,  
Why was it made at all,  
It's no bloody use to anyone,  
It's no bloody use at all.

### DRINKING RUM AND COCA COLA

Since the 433rd came to Sidi Slimane,  
They've got the French girls going insane,  
The French girls say they treat them nice,  
And they give them a better price.

CHORUS: Drinkin' Rum and Coca Cola,  
Down by Port Lyautey,  
Both Mother and Daughter,  
Working for the yankee dollar.

In French Morocco, it is mighty clear,  
The Frenchman gets one can of beer,  
While the 433rd leads a life so fine,  
Just making whoopee all the time.

The SAC Boys came to Sidi this year,  
The girls all thought that they were queer,  
They don't dance, They jus' drink the beer,  
They're so glad that the 433rd is here.

The bomber Jockeys came and left the girls so cold,  
They acted like a million years old,  
They don't spend money, so they say,  
Their wives in the States get all their pay.

Before we landed on this field,  
The Officers' Club showed a little yield,  
But now we'll build a Club Deluxe,  
The 433rd is on the books.

The American Arms so they say,  
Allow Frauleins only through the day,  
There's that click, click, click, click, all the night,  
The O.D. says it's quite all right.

CHORUS: Drinkin' Rum and Coca Cola,  
Go Down to Walhalla,  
Both Mother and Daughter,  
Workin' for the yankee dollar.

Up in Deutchland, it is clear,  
The girls don't drink much gin or beer,  
They will play and they will sin,  
But you've got to give up your Sabre Pin.

Up in Frankfurt, late one night,  
Our Tech Rep got mighty tight,  
An' made passionate love to a blonde in black,  
Now they're takin' stitches in his back.

### KHARTOUM

There's bags of bitchy airmen, way down in the sunny Sudan,  
Where everyone is shat, an' so's the bloody old man,  
There's bags an' bags of bullshit, saluting on the Square,  
And when we're not saluting we're up in the stuffing air.

We're leaving Khartoum by the light of the moon,  
We travel by night and day,  
As we pass Kasfereit, we'll have stuff all to eat,  
'Cause we've thrown all our rations away.

Shire, Shire, Somersetshire,  
The skipper looks on her with pride,  
He'd have a blue fit, if he saw her shit,  
On the side of the Somersetshire.

This is my story, this is my song,  
I've been in the Air Force too stuffin' long,  
So bring on the Rodney, The Nelson, Renown,  
They can't bring the Hood, 'cause the Hood's gone down.

Oh, We'll shoot all the S.P.'s who come our way !

### ODE TO THE PROGRAMMING OFFICER

I've sat in this damn cockpit for hours an' hours,  
I've stuck it as long as I could,  
I've stuck it and stuck it, so now I say stuff it,  
My arse's not made out of wood.

You ought to be hung, you old bastard,  
You ought to be damn well shot,  
You ought to be tied to the shit-house door,  
And left there to damn well rot.

A TOAST TO THE MAGPIES (75SQN)

(Tune: This old House)

This ole team 'll never need revision,  
This ole team has quite a crew,  
This ole team has survived on skill,  
It's the Magpies, no doubt you knew,  
This ole team flys Mirage III's,  
This ole team has lots of charm,  
Our Commander said the other day,  
"I'm proud of my boys, they're so calm".

They're gonna need this team forever,  
They're gonna fly this team much more,  
We've got time to learn to fight,  
We've got time to even the score,  
We've got nerve to fly to the limits,  
And the guts to keep control,  
And when we return after much success,  
We're cleared for a victory roll.

This ole team can fly in weather,  
This ole team can fly in rain,  
This ole team has whips an' aces,  
We hack anything without much strain,  
This ole team has high ideals,  
This ole team can't go astray,  
'Cause we're just a squadron of Miracles,  
Awaiting reward on judgement day.

ODE TO THREE SQUADRON

Whether over the land or the sea,  
And a ragged Formation, you see,  
Don't worry too much,  
We assure you that such  
Is the Standard Procedure at Three.

If you pull only 2 little 'G',  
No holes in your aircraft, there'll be,  
You'll never be hacked,  
You just can't be tracked,  
It's the Standard Procedure at Three.

When next you're up near Langkawi,  
And a stray empty Drop Tank you see,  
Just keep it in mind,  
We're sure that you'll find,  
It's the Standard Procedure at Three.

Your house isn't safe, so say we,  
From shell or a bomb you'll agree,  
In the bedroom or bath,  
It sure is a laugh,  
'Cause it's the Standard Procedure at Three.

Their circuit is something to see,  
It extends from Taiping to Langkawi,  
We often get frights,  
When they're flying their kites,  
But it's Standard Procedure at Three.

All the Reds in Malaysia agree,  
They'll never have reason to flee,  
The bombing is poor,  
And you can be sure,  
That it's the Standard Procedure at Three.

If you're up in your jet, flyin' free,  
And a shambles you happen to see,  
It's just a disgrace,  
To the whole human race,  
But that's Standard Procedure at Three.

So join us in our plea,  
That we're never posted to Three,  
We'd rather be dead,  
Than touched in the head,  
But that's Standard Procedure at Three.

#### YE OLDE BUTTERWORTH BAR

Oh, the pale moon shone on the bar room floor,  
The O's Mess Bar was closed for the night,  
Then out of their nooks, came the 'roaches,  
And they moved in the pale moonlight.

They slurped up the Tiger from the bar room floor,  
The floor was alive with little creatures makin' tracks,  
And all through the night, you could hear 'em shout,  
Hey Lofty, bring on your goddamn bar snacks !

#### I'M FOREVER LEAVING FOOTPRINTS (ie. CONTRAILS)

(Tune: I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles)

I'm forever leaving Footprints,  
Pretty Footprints in the air.  
They fly so high,  
On top of the sky,  
Then like my dreams,  
They fade and die.  
Sheer beauty, my jet leaves arrears,  
I turn an' see trails everywhere,  
So, I'm forever leaving Footprints,  
Pretty Footprints in the air.

#### SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

Round her neck, she wore a yellow ribbon,  
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May,  
And if you asked her why the heck she wore it,  
She wore it for her jet jock who was far far away.

CHORUS: Far away, Far away, Far away, Far away,  
She wore it for her jet jock who was far far away.

Around her knee, she wore a purple garter,  
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May,  
And if you asked her why the heck she wore it,  
She wore it for her jet jock who was far far away.  
CHORUS.

Behind the door her father kept a shot gun,  
He kept it in the springtime and in the month of May,  
And if you asked him why the heck he kept it,  
He kept it for her jet jock who was far far away.  
CHORUS.

And on the wall, she keeps a marriage licence,  
She keeps it in the springtime and in the month of May,  
And if you asked her why the heck she keeps it,  
She keeps it for her jet jock who is far, far away.  
CHORUS.

#### DEFAIR LOVES US

(Tune: Jesus Loves Me)

DEFAIR loves us, this we know,  
For the Grouper tells us so,  
We are weak and they are strong,  
All Boggies to them belong,  
Yes, DEFAIR loves us,  
Yes, DEFAIR loves us,  
Yes, DEFAIR loves us,  
They do, like bloody hell !

### MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY

(Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

A Miracle got airborne, one dark and stormy day,  
And as he raised the Under-cart, you could hear the pilot pray,  
'Get all those wheels into the wells an' I'll be safe an' sound,  
Don't let that fire go out, Dear Lord, 'til I'm back on the ground'.

CHORUS: Yippee Yi Ya, Yi Ya, Yippee Yi Yo,  
Mach Riders in the Sky.

Air Defence is here to stay, so we're always on Alert,  
Just waitin' for a Bandit to gun into the dirt,  
'Though we work on holidays and weekends just the same,  
And fly right through the Bumpers, it's all part of the game.  
CHORUS.

And as our Mirages leave the ground, their tails a'spouting flame,  
The knucks, they go through hell, but fly 'em just the same,  
The Line crew work their arses off, to keep 'em flyin' high,  
And watch with satisfaction, as their 'planes go screaming by.  
CHORUS.

Day and night our knucks fight, to live up to their name,  
Other pilots come an' go, but ours just fly on fame,  
They're going to fly forever, in the space up there on high,  
They curse an' cry, and live or die, Mach Riders in the sky.  
CHORUS.

### LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With someone like you,  
A pal good and true,  
I'd like to leave it all behind,  
And go and find,  
Some place that's known,  
To God alone,  
Just a spot to call our own.

We'll find perfect peace,  
Where joys never cease,  
Out there beneath a kindly sky,  
We'll build a sweet little nest,  
Nowhere in the West,  
And let the rest of the world go by.

### THE 75TH AT NIGHT

(Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird)

Here we stand on the groun',  
We won't fly 'til the sun goes down  
We fly Mirages,  
Go in low and come out fast,  
Keep those Bandits off our arse,  
We fly Mirages.

No one here can understand us,  
You should hear all the shit they hand us,  
Mix those drinks and mix 'em right,  
Because we're standing down tonight,  
Mirages, we fly.

### WING OPS AND FLYING SAFETY

(Tune: Dear Hearts and Gentle People)

I love old Wing Ops, and Flying Safety,  
They're nothing but hot air,  
But if you bust one, or hit the Barrier,  
You know damn well that they'll be there.

I read my Dash-One, from dawn 'til dusk,  
But it don't go so well,  
For when the Board meets, an' I go up there,  
I know they're goin' to give me hell.

I feel so helpless, each time I try to fly,  
For I know they'll watch each move I make,  
And so it's Wing Ops and Flying Safety,  
Watchin' every bloody rule I break.

### I WISH I WERE IN ENGLAND

I wish I were in England, I do, I do,  
I'd walk up to Trafalgar Square,  
And say to Nelson standing there,  
"Get Stuffed, Get Stuffed,  
You one eyed Pommie bastard".



OLD OCU (No.2 Operational Conversion Unit)

(Tune: When You Wore a Tulip)

When you flew a Mirage and I flew a Mirage,  
In the old OCU,  
Other pilots went to Briefing,  
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping,  
Hotter Jocks you'll never see,  
We were hotter than Tabasco, when HQ's pulled each fiasco,  
Artists all at screwing you,  
When you flew a Mirage an' I flew a Mirage,  
In the old OCU.

SIXTEEN TIMES

(tune: Sixteen Tons)

Some people say a man is made out of fear,  
But a Fighter Pilot's made outa Whisky an' Beer,  
Whisky and Beer, Rum and Gin,  
If you fly the Dot, you're sure to Spin In.

CHORUS: You fly sixteen times an' what do you get,  
Another day older and your weapon is Bent,  
Squadron Leader, don't call me, I'm weak an' lame,  
I lost my arse in a poker game.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine,  
I got my 'chute and went out to the Line,  
Out to the Line to fly the ol' Sword,  
But the sky wasn't blue an' the rain jus' poured.  
CHORUS.

I scrambled that mornin' with blood in my eye,  
I'd had my fill of hops and rye,  
Shot magenta holes in a Mirage IIII,  
Now they've hung my arse from a coconut tree.

When you see me comin', better Break to the Right,  
'Cause the 77th Swords had a party last night,  
Me eyeballs are red and I'm mean as a bear,  
Believe me the 75th had better clear the air.  
CHORUS.

BLOODY MAGPIE (75 SQN's emblem pilfered off Collingwood  
VFL Team with their blessings)

There once was bloody Magpie, who lived up bloody spout,  
Along came bloody rainstorm and washed that buggery out.

Along came bloody Lizard and spied 'im in 'is snuggery,  
He sharpened up 'is teeth an' chewed 'im up to buggery.

Along came bloody sportin' type, complete with bloody gun,  
He shot that bloody Lizard, right up 'is bloody bung.

The moral of this story, so plain to everyone,  
That them that lives up bloody spouts, don't 'ave much  
/bloody fun.

A LOST FIGHTER PILOT

(Tune: The Wiffenpoof Song)

In the sky at Angels 40,  
In a thunderstorm so black,  
Sat a pilot in his Mirage III single jet,  
His engine was a'chuggin an' he thought the end was near,  
But he didn't want to toss it in jus' yet,  
Now his Tacan wasn't pointing and his radar set was Bent,  
And the fuel in his tanks was going fast,  
So he pressed the transmit button an' breathed into the air,  
MAYDAY - MAYDAY - MATA - MATA, save my arse.

I'm a poor Fighter Pilot on a cross-country,  
MAY- Bloody- DAY,  
That I'm lost you can plainly see,  
MAY- Bloody- DAY,  
MATA - MATA, give me a steer,  
It's so lonely, way up here,  
Just get me back and I'll buy the Beer,  
MAY- Bloody- DAY.

MEAT BALL WIZARD (Fleet Air Arm Song)

(Tune: Pinball Wizard)

When I was a young sprog,  
The goofers I'd enthrall.  
In HERMES, VIC and CENTAUR,  
I guess I've played them all.  
But I never did one good DL,  
At least that I recall.  
That deaf, dumb and blind kid,  
Sure flies a low meat ball.

(DL = Deck Landing)

Just keep that turn a coming,  
Don't see those warning lights.  
Flying on the buffet,  
Get the Flight Deck in my sights.  
Flies by intuition, don't hear no  
"Wave Off" call.  
That deaf, dumb and blind kid,  
Sure flies a low meat ball.

I've seen 'em low, I've seen 'em high,  
I've seen 'em hit the ramp.  
I've seen 'em screw an overshoot,  
And get their backsides damp.  
I've seen the fear leap to their eyes,  
When they hear that "Bolter" call.  
Those deaf, dumb and blind kids,  
Sure fly a low meat ball.

THE FOUR, FOUR WIRES OF HOME (Fleet Air Arm Song)

(Tune: The Green, Green Grass of Home)

The old deck looks the same,  
As I came down through the rain,  
And there to greet me are "Flyco",  
All a' screaming.  
Pass the end I go - I'm lined up right now,  
LSO shrieks "Just fly the sight now",  
Am again I miss the four, four wires of home.

CHORUS: Yes, they'll all come to see me,  
All shouting, cursing sweetly,  
As again I miss the four, four wires of home.

The 'Bolters', still the same,  
But my looker, he ain't there now,  
And I turn down-wind,  
Fuel state down on chicken,  
Down the groove I come,  
Through rain and muck now,  
"Wave Off! Wave Off!",  
You've stuffed it up now!  
As again I miss the four, four wires of home.  
CHORUS.

Then I awake and look around me,  
At my cabin that surrounds me,  
And I realise that I was only dreaming,  
For there's a duty boy, and  
Senior Pilot wittering,  
And come the dawn they'll drag me twittering,  
Across that deck - across those wires of home.  
CHORUS.

Yes, they'll all come to see me,  
As I stall, pitch up and hit the sea,  
As again I miss the four, four wires of home.  
CHORUS.

THE LONESOME MEATBALL (Fleet Air Arm Song)

(Tune: The Reverend Mr Black)

He rode easy in his bang seat, a man among men,  
He'd even hit a briefing every now and then.  
When he rolled out on finals he was always slow,  
And folks jusy called him the Squadron Joe.  
He never read his flip cards - he didn't know a thing,  
And sometimes below the glidepath you could hear him sing...  
CHORUS.

CHORUS: You've gotta fly that lonesome meatball,  
You've got to fly it by yourself.  
There ain't nobody gonna help you,  
You've got to fly it by yourself.

If ever I thought that the Squadron Joe,  
Was a frightened, yellow so-and-so.  
I threw out that notion on a cold dark night,  
When he hit the ramp and took away the sight.  
He hit that deck like the kick of a mule,  
And to my way of thinking it took a damned fool  
To keep on flying in that twisted wreck,  
And turn downwind for a pass at the deck.  
But up in Flyco, amid the gloom,  
You could hear a voice echo 'round the room...  
CHORUS.

It's been many years since we had to part,  
I guess I learned his ways by heart.  
"Don't you argue with me son - I'm always right!,  
Just fly at that deck - don't look at the sight".  
Do I remember him? - Indeed I do,  
For I was the Squadron Joe's Number Two.  
And sometimes around sundown, you can hear him cry,  
From that great big FlightDeck up in the sky.  
CHORUS.

ERNIE (RAN's VF-805 & VC-724 SQNs Song)

You could hear his tyres a' bursting,  
As he careered across the deck.  
You could see the goofers laughing,  
As he stumbled from the wreck.  
He flew into the circuit with his wings upon his chest,  
His name was Ernie,  
And he flew the slowest Skyhawk in the West.

Now Ernie loved a WRAN - a lovely lass named Sue,  
She worked down the road at Beecroft Range,  
She was only twenty-two.  
They said she was too good for him,  
Haughty, proud and chick.  
But Ernie had his missiles there,  
Three times every week.

CHORUS: Eeeerrrniiiiie....

And he flew the slowest Skyhawk in the West.

She said she'd like to have a flight,  
He said "Right-ho sweetheart".  
And she gazed at him in wonder as  
He raised his undercart.  
"Would you like it straight and level -  
Or at aeros have a crack?".  
She said "Ernie I'll be happy,  
If you rolls me on my back".

Now Ernie had a rival, an evil looking swine,  
He was swarthy Fred from down the road,  
The Boss of Eight-0-Nine.  
When he flung it over his shoulder,  
She knew a longing dread.  
She was at a loss with his medium toss,  
And nearly lost her head.  
CHORUS.

But Ernie would not stand for this,  
"Enough's enough" he said.  
And in the Bar one evening,  
He cornered poor old Fred.  
"You've poked around her Quadrant Hut,  
And had your evil fun,  
We'll fight for her tomorrow,  
Man to man in a One-V-One!".  
CHORUS.

They took-off the next afternoon,  
Just after half-past-four.  
Full twenty minutes they battled on,  
And still there was no score.  
Then Fred pulled even tighter,  
He gave it of his all,  
And Ernie shoved in rudder,  
And stoofed in off a stall.  
CHORUS.

Ernie didn't want to die,  
 He was only twenty-eight.  
 But now he's gone forever,  
 Flying circles in the wait.  
 But is he in a better place,  
 In that airy-fairy land?  
 Where the flying programme always works,  
 And Commander Air's are banned.  
 CHORUS.

But a woman's needs are manifold,  
 And Sue, she married Fred.  
 And strange things happened on that night,  
 As they lay in their bed.  
 Is that the wind a whistling,  
 Through the eaves and the dry rot?  
 Or Ernie's ghostly Skyhawk,  
 Returning to the slot.  
 CHORUS.

#### WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN AIRMAN?

(Tune: What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor)

What shall we do with a drunken Airman,  
 What shall we do with a drunken Airman,  
 What shall we do with a drunken Airman, early in the morning?

CHORUS: Hoorah and up she rises,  
           Hoorah and up she rises,  
           Hoorah and up she rises, early in the morning.

Put him in a Bang-Seat and make him E-ject,  
 Put him in a Bang-Seat and make him E-ject,  
 Put him in a Bang-Seat and make him E-ject, early in the morning.

Put him in a Bang-Seat 'til he gets sober,  
 Put him in a Bang-Seat 'til he gets sober,  
 Put him in a Bang-Seat 'til he gets sober, early in the morning.

"Cope Thunder" Exercises conducted in the Republic of  
 Philippines, pitch the RAAF against United States  
 Pacific Air Force assets in mock air combat, and this  
 has resulted in a song or two."

#### THE TWELVE DAYS OF COPE THUNDER (1983 - Lyrics by RHINO)

(Tune: The Twelve Days of Christmas)

On the first day of Cope Thunder,  
 A real man said to me,  
 Let's bring back the bloody FOX 3.

I heard it in the Debrief,  
 Bograt said to me,  
 I think someone Shot me, and  
 REPEAT LAST LINE OF 1st VERSE.

On the third day of Cope Thunder,  
 The 'Fiends' cried out for more,  
 Mullet's on the floor,  
 REPEAT LAST LINES OF PRECEDING VERSES.

We went to the Crow's Nest,  
 On day number four,  
 Scrotem cried "No more",  
 REPEAT LAST LINES OF PRECEDING VERSES.

When J-MAC reads the mission,  
 He always says to me,  
 Stuff the ROE,  
 REPEAT LAST LINES OF PRECEDING VERSES.

On the sixth day of Cope Thunder,  
 The '500' said to me,  
 Clak pulled 8'G',  
 REPEAT LAST LINES OF PRECEDING VERSES.

In a Two v Many Furball,  
 A real man, I won't be,  
 At Warp Ten I flee,  
 REPEAT LAST LINES OF PRECEDING VERSES.

When you meet the Aussies,  
Cast aside your fear,  
Drink mega Beer,  
REPEAT LAST LINES OF PRECEDING VERSES.

Coleman asked for sympathy,  
'Hooter' policy is clear,  
Don't shed a tear,  
REPEAT LAST LINES OF PRECEDING VERSES.

PACAF Generals think that,  
Having fun's a crime,  
But, we had a topper time,  
REPEAT LAST LINES OF PRECEDING VERSES,

You're a pack of bastards,  
In Aussie talk that's fine,  
Down Under we speak Strine,  
We had a Topper time,  
Don't shed a tear,  
Drink mega Beer,  
At Warp Ten I flee,  
Clak pulled 8'G',  
Stuff the R.O.E.,  
Scrotem cried "No more",  
Mullet's on the floor,  
I think someone Shot me, and  
Let's bring back the bloody FOX 3.

THE COPE THUNDER SONG (1985 - Lyrics by BARF)

(Tune: Those Magnificent Men)

Oh, we're Mirage pilots and we're from Down Under,  
And the reason we're here, you may even wonder.  
We are going to fight, kill and maybe plunder,  
'Cause we're all Knucks at heart and we're at Cope Thunder.

Kill, rape, pillage and maim,  
For a day's work, there is nothing the same,  
We're not looking for fame,  
We are just after more bloody FOX 2's to Claim.

DOWN BY OLD WILLY-TOWN (RAAF WILLIAMTOWN FIGHTER BASE)

(Tune: Down By The Riverside)

I met my little Chariot-o'Fire,  
Down by old Willy-Town, Down by old Willy-Town,  
Down by old Willy-Town.  
REPEAT VERSE.

I asked her for a little burn,  
Down by old Willy-Town, Down by old Willy-Town,  
Down by old Willy-Town.  
REPEAT VERSE.

She said, "Have patience little man,  
I'm sure you'll understan',  
First, keep your academics a'revvin'",  
I said, "If I can have my way,  
Maybe some sweet day,  
My flight an' yours, will be to heaven."

I flew my little Chariot-o'Fire,  
Down by old Willy-Town, Down by old Willy-Town,  
Down by old Willy-Town,  
I flew my little Chariot-o'Fire,  
Down by old Willy-Town, - Down by old Willy-Town.

YOU ARE MY BEZU

(The MIRAGE's Primary Attitude

(Tune: You Are My Sunshine) Indicator was known as the  
BEZU BALL, a magic French 3D  
Presentation with no Fail Flag)

CHORUS: You are my BEZU, my only BEZU,  
You make me happy, when skies are grey,  
You'll never know dear, how much I love you,  
Please don't FAIL my BEZU today.

The other night dear, as I was flying,  
I thought I held good Attitude,  
Then I realized, I was mistaken,  
An' my arse hit the ground, thanks to you.  
CHORUS.

(In the event of a One Phase of 3 Phase AC Power Failure

in the Mirage, its BEZU BALL would only accurately indicate aircraft attitude in Two dimensions whilst subtly freezing Pitch or Roll attitude indications; No GYRO Failure would indicate, and without a BEZU Fail Flag, this combination was a killer.

P.S. I think I had a couple of buddies who could vouch for this, but unfortunately they're no longer with us; - BAZZ.)

#### THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING

(Tune: There Goes My Everything)

I feel the Leans slowly coming,  
As I gently manoeuvre this 'ere Fighter,  
With a voice softly saying, "Buddy,  
Where's the Horizon - You'd better 'right her".

CHORUS: There goes my reason for flyin',  
There goes my 'which way's up',  
There goes my 'attitude control',  
There goes my everything.

As my memory turns back the pages,  
I see my poor reference to instrumentation,  
And the love that set me to flying,  
Has been shattered by Disorientation.

#### FOR IT'S A JOLLY GOOD FIGHTER

(Tune: For He's a Jolly Good Fellow)

For it's a jolly good Fighter,  
For it's a jolly good Fighter,  
For it's a jolly good Fighter,  
And so say all of us, And so say all of us,  
And so say all of us.  
For it's a jolly good Fighter,  
For it's a jolly good Fighter,  
For it's a jolly good Fighter,  
And so say all of us.

#### ROLL OUT THE BARREL

Roll out the barrel,  
We'll have a barrel of fun,  
Roll out the barrel,  
We've got the yanks on the run,  
FOX 3, work's hell,  
The Aussies'll keep 'em busy, no fear,  
Now's the time to roll the barrel,  
For the gang's all here.

#### THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN

CHORUS: Up... Down... flying around,  
Loopin' the loop and defying the ground,  
They're all frightfully keen,  
Those magnificent men, those magnificent men,  
Those magnificent men in their flying machines.

Those magnificent men in their flying machines,  
They go up tiddle-ee up, they go down tiddle-ee down down,  
They enchant all the ladies, and steal all the scene,  
With their up tiddle-ee up up, and  
their down tiddle-ee down, down.

CHORUS.

They can fly upside down, with their feet in the air,  
They don't think of danger, they don't really care,  
Newton would think he had made a mistake,  
To see those young men and the chances they take.  
CHORUS.

#### THE RAAF FLEW ON

(Tune: the Band Played On)

Bomber gave Milford Sound, one hell of a pound,  
And the RAAF flew on.  
With low flying bunts, he'd buzz the Grunts,  
And the RAAF flew on.



OHAKEA Tower was loaded, an' seeing 'is low pass, exploded,  
Don't come back the Kiwi's declared,  
But, like an 'under arm bowl' he returned,  
And the RAAF flew on.

#### HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

Happy Days are here again,  
The skies above are clear again,  
Let us sing a song of cheer again,  
Happy Days are here again.

B.F.M., Fight's on now,  
There's no one who can Bug-out now,  
So let's show the world our know-how,  
Dogfight days are here again.

Your cares and troubles are gone,  
There'll be no more from now on.  
Happy Days are here again,  
The skies above are clear again,  
Let us sing a song of cheer again,  
Happy Days are here again.

#### OH YOU BEAUTIFUL CHICK

(Tune: Oh, You Beautiful Doll)

Oh, you beautiful chick,  
You great big beautiful chick,  
Let me sit in an' look 'round you,  
I can never fly without you,  
Oh, you beautiful chick,  
You great big beautiful chick.  
To lose you, means I'd mourn it,  
My big F/A-18 Hornet,  
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, you beautiful chick.

#### MY OLD MAN'S A KNUCKLEHEAD

(Tune: My Old Man's a Dustman)

CHORUS: My old man's a Knucklehead,  
He wears a Knucklehead hat,  
He wears gord blimey Zoom Bags,  
And lives in an Airforce flat,  
He looks a proper nar-nar,  
In his corsets Anti-G,  
He's got such a job to do 'em up,  
His zip stops zippin' near 'is knee.

One day while in a hurry,  
He missed the morning Brief,  
His CO got awful nasty,  
And filled him full of grief,  
Could he continue as part o' the Team,  
Yes, he guessed, there are so Few,  
An' he only accrues a Mayday a month,  
But the Posters' may cause a SNAFU.

His mates laid a Boom on Albury,  
An' flew back A.S.A.P.,  
OC Group looked right peeved,  
As I suppose he should, and  
From out of 3 Squadron's window,  
He let out one chilling wail,  
"Melz an' Barf, Check your Six,  
There's a boot approaching your tail".  
CHORUS.

#### SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

(Tune: Show Me The Way To Go Home)

Show me the way to go home,  
I'm tired and my Hornet needs repair,  
She had an Air Refuel, about an hour ago,  
An' broke the Probe off the Basket in mid-air.

Damn Probe killed my Right engine,  
Now I've got 'bitching Betty' whingen, moan,  
I'm minus CRT's, HUD and Computer,  
Show me the way to go home.

#### PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your Helmet bag,  
And smile, smile, smile,  
Our new Fighter's much less of a drag,  
Say farewell to the Mirage,  
The Hornet's gonna be worthwhile,  
So, pack up your troubles in your Helmet bag,  
And smile, smile, smile.

DON'T SHOOT OUR LEARJETS DOWN (Said the Aussies  
(Tune: Don't Burn Our Out-House Down) to the USN)

Oh, please don't shoot our Learjets down,  
Lear target flying doesn't pay,  
RAN shoots to miss, Army needs a steer,  
RAAF wants Lear targetting all day,  
General Aviation is mighty queer,  
RAAF PROGO's 've got to beg and borrow,  
So please don't shoot our Learjets down,  
Or, we'll have no Lears on the 'morrow.

LETTERHEAD CHANGES (Poem)

Our Airforce has been known as the RAAF,  
Ever since Nineteen, Twenty One,  
But, our Government Office of civil aviation,  
has had name changes just for fun.  
Initially, it was known as D.C.A.,  
But, that good title, changed to D.o.T.,  
Then our D.o.T., became D.o.A.,  
Now D.o.A., is C.A.A., it'd give ya the d.t.'s.

Thank God, the RAAF's remain unchanged,  
But, can we expect a move from the Riff-Raff,  
Maybe our ALP leaders will turf the Royals,  
And, if they succeed, we'll end up with an AAF.

The three services of our ADF are RAAF, RAN and RAA,  
But, pending persuasion by our republican meatheads,  
Our Forces minus Royals become AAF, AN, AA,  
AAF, AN, AA what; havin' a lovely time changing letterheads.

HIGH FLIGHT (Poem)

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth,  
And danced the skies on laughter silvered wings,  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things -  
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung,  
High in the sunlit silence; hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long delirious, burning blue,  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,  
Where never lark, or even eagle flew -  
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod,  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

AD ASTRA (Poem - by Charles Ball RAF)

It seems so long ago I leapt away,  
From dismal rain and darkness on the ground,  
To climb up through the tempest, while no sound  
Escaped from out the mist of clinging grey.  
Now all above is blue; below me play  
A thousand clouds, snow-white and softly around,  
With ever changing shapes; and all around  
The sun pours magic on their disarray.

As I fly marvelling through this other world,  
Where time and space can never keep me pent,  
It is as if a tapestry's unfurled  
Of vision such as holds my soul content,  
If now by chance I am abruptly hurled  
Headlong to earth, let there be no lament.

#### GRACE

Her name was Grace, she was one of the best,  
And that was the night, I had her to test;  
I looked at her with joy and delight,  
For she was mine for all that night.

She looked so pretty, so sweet, so slim,  
The night was dark, the light was dim;  
I was so excited my heart missed a beat,  
For I knew that I was in for a treat.

I had seen her stripped, I had seen her bare,  
I had felt her all over everywhere,  
But that was the night I liked her best,  
And if you'll wait, I'll tell you the rest.

I got inside her, she screamed with joy,  
For that was her first night out with a boy;  
I got up high as quick as I could,  
I handled her swell, she was Oh, so good.

I turned her over on her side,  
Then on her back, Oh, how I tried;  
It was a thrill, she's the best of the lot,  
That 'French Lady' Fighter, the 75th has got.

#### EIN PROSIT

Ein Prosit, Ein Prosit,  
I'm bloody well dry,  
Ein Prosit, Ein Prosit,  
I'm dry, dry, dry.

#### FIGHTER PILOTS DO IT BETTER

(From USAF Interceptor  
Magazine - Mar72)

(Prose)

The Fighter pilot has certain characteristics which give him a distinct individual identity. The ideal Fighter pilot puts his all into everything he does. He has a "can do" attitude. He displays enthusiasm and instills this feeling in those about him. The Fighter pilot believes the job should be done the right way and only one time, the first time. He tries hard to be the very best at everything he does. He expects others to do the same. The Fighter pilot tries to be an expert in his field, always seeking new knowledge and experience. He tries to broaden his experience by not confining himself to one narrow channel. The Fighter pilot believes in himself. He has a tremendous amount of pride in himself and in everything that he does. He works hard and plays hard; always a competitor in both, to the very best of his ability. When he discovers a problem he always comes up with the answer. Although he thinks for himself he never fails to seek the advice of those who might lead him to the right answer. He respects those who have earned respect. He is more than willing to help those who need help. Do "Fighter pilots do it better?" Yes, they do everything better! But nowhere above does it state that Fighter pilots fly aircraft or engage in aerial combat. You don't even have to fly to be characterized a Fighter pilot. A Fighter pilot is more than a flyer. A Fighter pilot is an attitude and people with that attitude, no matter what their station in life or their job, really DO IT BETTER.

#### TINDAL AIR BASE

(Tune: Tipperary)

It's a long way from TINDAL Air Base, It's a long way to go,  
It's a long way from TINDAL Air Base, to the sweetest girl I know,  
Goodbye Birds of Willy, farewell Kings Cross cheer,  
It's a long, long way from TINDAL Air Base, but my arse's right here.

FIGHTER PILOT WASTAGE (The Manpower Nightmare)

(Tune: Where have all the Flowers Gone)

Where have all the jet jocks gone,  
Long time passing,  
Where have all the jet jocks gone,  
Long time ago.

Where have all the jet jocks gone,  
Gone to Groun' Jobs everyone,  
When will they ever learn,  
When will they ever return.

Where have all the old Knucks gone,  
Long time passing,  
Where have all the old Knucks gone,  
Long time ago.

Where have all the old Knucks gone,  
Gone to 'Grey Sponge' everyone,  
When will they ever learn,  
When will they ever return.

Where have all the young Knucks gone,  
Long time passing,  
Where have all the young Knucks gone,  
Long time ago.

Where have all the young Knucks gone,  
Gone to Airlines everyone,  
When will they ever learn,  
When will they ever return.

Where have all the bold Knucks gone,  
Long time passing,  
Where have all the bold Knucks gone,  
Long time ago.

Where have all the bold Knucks gone,  
Gone to Heaven everyone,  
When will they ever learn,  
When will they ever return.

IT'S JUST UP TO YOU (From USAF Interceptor magazine Oct70)

Do you have desire to conquer the sky,  
To shake loose earth's shackles, to take wing and fly ?  
If that is your dream, how hard will you try ?  
... It's just up to you.

And once you have mastered control of your wings,  
Will you pledge to the land in which liberty rings,  
To fly and to fight for the freedom it brings ?  
... It's just up to you.

And if you are the man it takes to do this,  
Will you still be around when things go amiss,  
Or will you succumb, thinking ignorance is bliss ?  
... It's just up to you.

The training is there for you to prepare,  
To fight to survive when you're fraught with despair;  
Can you live against odds to return to the air ?  
... It's just up to you.

So if you dream to join those great men,  
That live and fly and then fly again,  
Resolve to survive and you'll make it when;  
... It's just up to you.

I'M PROUD TO BE ONE OF THE FEW (Prose)

I am an Air Force Fighter Pilot;  
I will not drink,  
                                but if I do,  
I will not get drunk,  
                                but if I do,  
I will not drink in public,  
                                but if I do,  
I will not stagger,  
                                but if I do,  
I will not fall down,  
                                but if I do,  
I shall fall on my face,  
                                so that they cannot see my wings.

### MY WILD EYED KNUCK

(Tune: My Wild Irish Rose)

My wild eyed knuck, he ain't learned nothing yet,  
He noses her down, when close to the ground,  
My wild eyed knuck.  
He slips in his banks, if he lives we'll all give thanks,  
I hear drums beating low, and men marching slow,  
Behind my wild eyed knuck.

### TOAST TO A FIGHTER PILOT

A Fighter Pilot is a lonely man,  
He lives alone and flies alone and dies alone,  
And when he drinks, he drinks a toast to himself,  
And this is the way that it goes;  
"Here's to me in my sober mood,  
As I ponder, sit and think,  
And here's to me in my drunken mood,  
When I ramble, rest and drink,  
And when at last it's over, and from this world I pass,  
I want them to bury me upside down,  
So the whole world can kiss my arse !!!"

### AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind,  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
In the days of auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
For the days of auld lang syne.

## PART 2

### WORDS OF WISDOM FOR THE FEW

### NO CAVEAT FOR AVIATION SAFETY

If you are motivated to save a life,  
By publishing my aviation safety chatter,  
Then, you won't get into any strife,  
You have my blessing to copy this printed matter. - BAZZ.

### A FIGHTER PILOT'S LOT

(Poem by BAZZ)

The Airforce's existence makes the burden of National Defence lighter,  
And that's the prime peacetime purpose of flying a Fighter,  
But, to explain the aircrews' appointed task, of flying same as well;  
That's rather a long winded tale, which is difficult to tell.  
So bear with me in my attempt to detail that which is esoteric,  
'Cause one's early sensations of Fighter flying are simply hysteric.

Drinking water from a fire hydrant, the Fighter Ground School, is akin,  
For the tiro loadsheds much information, whilst precious little is tak'n in,  
Explaining early training losses, where some pilots with reality, lose touch;  
'Cause those fledgling Few know so little about such complicated much.  
The trainee Knuck is merely a passenger on his first flight,  
His instructor can't always be heard, as the mind paralyses his body with  
/fright.

This process to a lesser extent may continue for the first hundred sorties,  
Hence his first Unit Supervisor's concern to prevent an early rigor mortis.  
Only knowledge, understanding and regular practice can overcome fear,  
The danger being for the fledgling to suppress it, by having too much beer,  
Then problems are compounded by ignorance an' general lack of awareness,  
Thus one's attitude may be inappropriate to be a Knuck, in all fairness.

A few too many Knucks gravely err during peacetime training, that's a fact,  
Unnecessarily exposing their buddies and themselves to the odd errant act;  
A Knucklehead's lot may seem glamorous, but its not easy losing buddies

/along the way,

Such tragedies tend to withdraw one, unless a cheer brightens up one's day;  
That's why, when a Knuck augers-in, all his buddies have a beer at the wake,  
Where they discuss the causes openly, an' resolve not to repeat the mistake.

The professional Knuck may have been a fortunate soul,  
To live through his erring years, being honed by his mishap toll;  
Or, he most probably matured early, balancing confidence, not under or over,  
Seeking knowledge to counter fear, deleting the illusion of glamour an' clover,  
Always listening, always learning, critiquing own decisions and judgement,  
Exercising self discipline and actively maintaining a total awareness of  
/his environment.

(P.S. I fear I was a fortunate soul, says BAZZ in a state of console)

#### AIM NOT TO MAGNIFY THE MAYDAY

In the event of any Emergency situation  
occurring whilst airborne, always conduct aviation  
on a priority basis; thusly:-

1. AVIATE, (i.e. Fly the aircraft)
2. NAVIGATE, (i.e. Fly desired Track)
3. COMMUNICATE, (i.e. Advise problems & intentions)
4. ISOLATE, & (i.e. Separate the problem)
5. COMPENSATE. (i.e. Make up for the lack of a System)

Pending workload, loadshed these priorities from the bottom,

/ Not the top,

Hence, always fly the aircraft, otherwise you may get the  
/ chop.

(P.S. Where AVIATE includes COMPENSATE such as an  
asymmetric thrust situation, so be it. The term  
COMPENSATE in this context is meant to prevent you  
from flying into the ground whilst changing  
Undercarriage Indicator bulbs)

#### TWO TYPES OF KNUCKS

1st Type - Those Knucks who have landed Gear Up;

2nd Type - Those Knucks who have yet to land Gear Up.

There are old Fighter Pilots an' bold Fighter Pilots,  
But, there are no old an' bold Fighter Pilots.

CAUTION - CAUTION !

DISORIENTATION IS A KILLER ! (Even in broad daylight !)

Knuckleheads - Beware of Leans and Spacial Disorientation,  
And should you ever find yourself in this situation,  
Then, fly with purpose, an' trust your instrumentation,  
Don't Panic!, or you'll conduct your own cremation;  
If out of control, EJECT 10,000ft above the Elevation.

The means to prevent the onset of disorientation are:-

1. Never fly with a head 'Cold',
2. Don't fly be 'feel' - Fly Attitude,
3. Avoid significant linear accelerations/decelerations,
4. Manoeuvre the aircraft smoothly and slowly,
5. Maintain near perfect aircraft lateral trim,
6. Maintain near perfect aircraft pitch trim,
7. Avoid 3D head movements, especially if acft manoeuvring,
8. And, accept the 'Leans' - But don't accept Spacial  
/ Disorientation.

(P.S. Note well why item 5 precedes item 6, the Fighter's  
Roll Rates can be especially disorientating. If  
your fighter is not laterally trimmed, then it will  
Roll subtly away from desired wings Attitude in  
one direction, until your Attitude cross reference  
appreciates the deviation and you correct the error  
with a positive Roll input at a greater rate than  
your out-of-trim condition. Repeat this process  
several more times and your 'semi-circular canals',  
inner Ear organs, will convince your brain that  
you're upside down. This is only the 'Leans', now  
wait for a bad case of Spacial Disorientation !)



### THE EARTH SUCKS

The adage 'What goes Up - Must come Down', is very true,  
Fighters come down; only Descent Rate an' Timing is controlled by crew.

The wind might Blow, but the Earth does suck,  
Said ole Pontius Pilot to a young Knuck;  
This I know, 'cause like you, I used to fly,  
An' nearly 'bought the fam' when I ran out o' sky.

Maintain your alertness whilst on Low Level Navigation,  
Under no circumstances, relax your Lookout concentration.

An' dogfighting's serious work; You might be Hot and tactically slick,  
But watch it, the fight'll gravitate to Real Estate like a homesick Brick.

Exercise extreme caution, flying over cloudy elevated terrain,  
'Cause fluffy Cumulo-Granite may smite your 'plane.

An' when your ASI stops readin' an' your windshield starts to crack,  
The big sucker's got your Instrument Panel' to give your ears a smack.

I guess you understand by now, It's not speed that kills,  
It's that massive QNH change which erases all your skills.

An' always remember, Pontius said, 'You won't hear a murmur,  
After an Impact Competition, 'tween your Fighter and Terra Firma.'

So, now you know why I say, 'The wind might blow,  
But the Earth does suck; sucking Fighters lower than LOW.

### SNAP EARLY - AVOID THE LATE SNIP

Upon flying into deteriorating visibility,  
Make an early decision to fly at MSA,  
A positive SNAP means you've acted with responsibility,  
Whereas, a late SNAP may SNIP your whole day.

In the above case don't:-  
IFR (i.e. I Follow Roads/Railroads/Rivers),  
until IMC (i.e. Impact with Mountainous Clouds); 'cause  
If you say 'I'll bust MSA' it really means 'I'll  
bust My Sweet Arse".

### FLYING FIGHTERS IS A RELIGION

Knucks must expect the unexpected, at any time,  
Not to, is suicide, and suicide's a religious crime.

When conducting Display flying, be cautious an' always give a damn,  
Or you'll be smeared across the Tarmac like a blob of strawberry jam.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, are phrases from the Holy Book,  
The Christians didn't mention 'smeared of strawberry jam'; sounds crook !

So, flyin' Fighters professionally is not a science, it's a Religion,  
An' unless you pour your whole heart an' soul into it, you're not  
/ worth a smidgeon.

In order to keep the hot flame burnin', in your 'Chariot-of-Fire',  
You've got to pay the Energy God regularly, or your situation will be dire.

Hence, all Knuckleheads are religiously under control of the Energy God,  
And hopefully, they'll all fly off to Heaven, when they get the nod.

### EJECT WHEN ?

Eject too soon,  
An' feel like a goon;

Eject too late,  
It's all over Mate;

So, don't wait to be told,  
Or you'll never grow old;

Eject in a timely fashion,  
To avoid being in the crashin'.

### USELESS COMMODITIES TO A REAL KNUCK

1. Preparation Ahead of Him, (when in the cockpit)
2. Runway Behind Him, (when Taking Off)
3. Altitude Above Him, (a Tactical lack of Energy)
4. Poor Visibility Below Him,
5. Air in His Fuel Tanks, (especially when the air is CTA)
6. Ammo and Oxy on the Ground,
7. Airspeed Clockwise of His Needle, (lack of Kinetic energy)
8. Sun in His Eyes,
9. Cloud in His Face, &
10. A Navigator. (particularly if there's no seat for him)

### DON'T BE A PORTABLE PAN OR MOBILE MAYDAY

AVIATE & THINK - Ttactical (ie. TAAFOOP)  
                  - Attitude  
                  - Altitude  
                  - Fuel  
                  - Oxygen  
                  - Other Priorities

UNDERSTAND YOURSELF & OWN LIMITATIONS

CULTIVATE A CONSTRUCTIVE IMAGINATION

POSSESS A TOTAL AWARENESS OF YOUR ENVIRONMENT

DEBRIEF SELF CONSTRUCTIVELY

COUNTER FEAR WITH KNOWLEDGE

SEE THROUGH THE PEACETIME ILLUSIONS

### TRIBUTE TO RAAF MIRAGE IIIO PILOTS

To do justice by way of a tribute to all RAAF Mirage IIIO pilots, I've decided to list all the Few who graduated to fly our 'French Lady'. The list includes all the RAF, RCAF, USAF, USN and USMC foreign exchange pilots who were attached on temporary duty or posted to RAAF Mirage Units.

Unfortunately, some RAAF ARDU Test Pilots did not complete the full 5 month 20CU Mirage Conversion, Air Defence and Ground Attack Course. I sincerely apologise to any Mirage IIIO pilot (TP in particular) deserving of mention whom I've deleted in error. My excuse being, that some RAAF records are difficult to research.

The list of Fighter Pilots, which includes their nicknames (ie. Individual Tactical Callsigns) and one line comments (ie. Those killed in what Mirage accident, those who ejected from what stricken Mirage and those who achieved the 3000 hours Mirage flying milestone which represented 15 years of full time Fighter operations), is sequenced in approximate chronological order. The order commences with those pilots who started their Mirage flying in the early 1960's and moves on up to date. All pilots are RAAF unless otherwise mentioned, and Service Rank is deleted for that was continuously changing during each's respective service.

To those Fighter Pilots listed, who are now only with us in memory, may they Rest In Peace.

### MIRAGE PILOT NAME /'Nickname'/ REMARKS

G.W. Talbot /'Slim'  
J.A. Rowlands /'Jim' now 'Sir James'  
R.T. Susans /'Ron'  
F.W. Barnes /'Fred'  
C. Ackland /'Col'  
S.S.N. Watson /'Tex'  
A.M. Parer /'Mick'

MIRAGE PILOT NAME / 'Nickname' / REMARKS

B.H. Collings / 'Billy'  
 I.A. Svensson / 'Tony' / RAF / Ejected from A3-1  
 E.R. Jones / 'Spike'  
 A.E. Mather / 'Mick'  
 M. Davis / 'Yank' / USAF  
 C.J. Thomas / 'Cedric'  
 R.J. Liotta / 'Bob' / USAF  
 R.W. Bradford / 'Brick'  
 B.A. Carter / 'Bruce'  
 R.A. Waterfield / 'Dick'  
 I.H. Whisker / 'Whisk'  
 R.F. Lowery / 'Roodle'  
 D.M. Johnson / 'Doug' / Ejected from A3-28  
 T.R. Richardson / 'Trev'  
 E.J. Walker / 'Errol'  
 I.R. Burke / 'Ian'  
 R.C. Moore / 'Dick'  
 P.J. Scully / 'Skullbones'  
 G.L. Coleman / 'Speedie'  
 N.M. Goodall / 'Normie' or 'Storm'n Norman'  
 J.D. Edwards / 'Dougwards'  
 A.F. Taylor / 'Al' or 'Squizzy'  
 A. Hodges / 'Big Al'  
 R.J. Bomball / 'Dickie'  
 T.J. Carter / 'Terry'  
 J.H. Flemming / 'Jim'  
 G.A. Warrener / 'Geoff'  
 J.W. Hubble / 'Bubbly'  
 J.L. Ellis / 'Jack' / Ejected from A3-46  
 G.C. Cooper / 'Garry' or 'Coops'  
 A. Karpys / 'Tony' / Killed in A3-43 Accident  
 R. Slater / 'Slats' or 'Otto'  
 O.G. Worth / 'Ogy'  
 A.P. Walsh / 'Al'  
 W.C. Horsman / 'Wild Bill'  
 R.A. Butler / 'Blue'  
 K.I. Semmler / 'Sembles'

MIRAGE PILOT NAME / Nickname / REMARKS

W.D.J. Monaghan / 'Bill'  
 B.J. Sweeney / 'Sweens'  
 P.D. Condon / 'Condo'  
 J.A. Treadwell / 'Jimmy-the-Tread'  
 R.S. Meissner / 'The Mice' / Achieved 3000 Hrs Mirage  
 J.T. Carswell / 'Tassie'  
 B.C. Searle / 'Surley Bruce'  
 A.L. Patten / 'Andy' / USAF  
 J.W. Newham / 'Jake'  
 R.J. McGrath / 'Magilla'  
 H.A. Collits / 'Hugh'  
 D.D. Madden / 'Dwayne' / USAF  
 K.J. Mitchell / 'Ken'  
 P.G. Smith / 'Pete'  
 B.A. Wilson / 'Bazz'  
 B.H. Fooks / 'Fooksie'  
 J.A. Smith / 'Jack' or 'Porkie'  
 J.R. DeRuyter / 'Rooter' or 'Hairy'  
 R.N. Kelloway / 'Dickoway'  
 B.M. Schulz / 'Bazz'  
 T.D. Thomas / 'Trevor'  
 R.A. Dannatt / 'Bob'  
 V. Drummond / 'Vance' / Killed in A3-77 Accident on Course  
 R.A. Wilson / 'Roger'  
 C.P. Ring / 'Pete'  
 D.J. Riding / 'Doug'  
 E.A. Radford / 'Ted'  
 M.R. Susans / 'Marty' / Ejected from A3-52  
 L.A. Naylor / 'Nails'  
 N.B. Williams / 'Nobby'  
 R.J. Walsh / 'Bob'  
 C.S. Langton / 'Langers'  
 J.S. Back / 'Stew'  
 F.R. Fry / 'Frank'  
 J.P. Hayden / 'Sniffy'  
 R.B. Gregory / 'Dick'  
 D.P. Robson / 'Lurch'

MIRAGE PILOT NAME /Nickname /REMARKS

M. Cottrell /'Mac the FAC'  
P.C. Astley /'Phil'  
G.J. Ennis /'Huck'  
D.W. Owens /'Dave'  
D.W. Bastick /'Sam'  
B.D. O'Loghlin /'Bol'  
E.J. Myers /'John' /Killed in A3-37 Accident  
B.J. Roberts /'Bren' or 'B.J.' /Ejected from A3-70  
R. Johnson /'Zip'  
I.S. Parker /'Ian'  
D.T. Bowden /'Bowbones'  
P.C. Spurgin /'Pete' or 'Spurge'  
L.N.C. Dunn /'Les'  
A.C. Turner /'Andy'  
P.J.C. Wagner /'Wombat'  
R.D. Phillips /'Thatch'  
K.J. Doyle /'Kev'  
R.E. Trebilco /'Ray'  
C.E. Rowland /'Clint'  
T.C.A. Wilson /'T.C.' or 'Tease'  
P.A. Reddel /'Pete'  
M.A. Turnbull /'Murray'  
A.J.F. Roser /'Hans'  
L.H. Ferguson /'Fergie' /Killed in Winjeel Accident on Crse  
T.P. Body /'Bods'  
B.W. Turner /'Bazz' /Achieved 3000 Hrs Mirage  
C.B. Mirow /'Slack Jack'  
D.J. Fickling /'Dave' or 'Fickers'  
J.W. Alder /'Jim' /USAF  
K.J. Janson /'Ken'  
N.J. Ford /'Nick' /Survived A3-16 Accident  
C.J. Hudnott /'Chris'  
J.T. Archer /'Starch'  
M.A. Lavercombe /'Combie'  
B.R. Wood /'Poodle' /Ejected from A3-114  
K.N. Pyke /'Kev'  
W.H. Simmonds /'Bill'

MIRAGE PILOT NAME /Nickname /REMARKS

P.R. Fleischhacker /'Flash' /USAF  
G.A. Kubank /'Kubes' /Ejected from A3-14  
N.A. Smith /'Smuff'  
B.J. Reynolds /'Bernie'  
D.G. Cassebohm /'Cass'  
G.F. Morrison /'Hank'  
W.D. Vandenberg /'Bags' /Killed in A3-67 Accident  
J.M. Edwards /'John'  
B.J.S. Mouatt /'Mutt'  
B.M. Connell /'The Colonel'  
R.L. Perry /'Ferret' /Ejected from A3-74  
D.J. Friedrichs /'Fried Rice' /Killed in A3-50 Accident  
K.F. Johnson /'Kage'  
G.A. Thoms /'Gav'  
M. Scidmore /'Mark'  
M. Cavenagh /'Cav'  
R.J. Phillips /'Roger'  
W.G. Richardson /'Bill'  
K. Smith /'Ken'  
J.W. Washington /'Jorge' /Achieved 3000 Hrs Mirage  
B.G. Weston /'Bege'  
A.S. Allen /'Hoof' /Survived A3-63 Accident  
K.J. Bricknell /'Brick'  
L.R. Klaffer /'Lovable Lyle'  
R.V. Richardson /'Pin' /Ejected from A3-4  
J.H. Daly /'John'  
M.B. Nixon /'Nox'  
B.G. Grayson /'Bruce'  
P.G. Nicholson /'Pete'  
I.R. Wilkie /'Wilks' /Survived A3-41 Accident  
S.T. Low /'Slow'  
P.N. Tippet /'Pete'  
R.D. Hood /'Hoodie'  
L.D. Boyd /'Lindsay' or 'Boyddy' /Ejected from A3-79  
P.G. Larard /'Pete'  
J.B. Jacobsen /'Jake'  
R.G. Heideman /'Heidi'

MIRAGE PILOT NAME /Nickname /REMARKS

J.S. Puleston-Jones /'P.J.'  
 C.J. Patching /'Patch'  
 W.G.A. Fitzhenry /'Fitz'  
 G.P. Keogh /'Koff'  
 L.M. Smith /'Lloyd' /Killed in A3-85 Accident  
 T.B. Jacobs /'Terry'  
 W.A. Evans /'Bill'  
 I.R. Bailey /'Bails'  
 G.R. Gent /'G-Squared'  
 A.P. Ford /'Tony'  
 P.J. Criss /'Pete'  
 K.J. Tuckwell /'Ken'  
 M.E. Ryan /'Mike' /USAF  
 J.W. Kindler /'J.K.' /Twice Ejected from A3-98 and A3-82  
 I.C. Watson /'Watto' /Survived A3-8 Accident  
 G.R. Lee /'Spike' /Ejected from A3-47  
 P.R. Nuske /'Nusk'  
 D.J. Leach /'Leachy'  
 B.A. Brown /'Bomber'  
 S.S. Welsh /'Shane' /Achieved 3000 Hrs Mirage  
 M.A. Lahy /'Matt' or 'Orville'  
 E.A. Turner /'Ted'  
 J.T. Owens /'Joe'  
 D.A. Robertson /'Robbie'  
 R.J. Chaplin /'Chappers' /Achieved 3000 Hrs Mirage  
 R.J. Conroy /'Ray' or 'Con'  
 D.A. Pietsch /'Peachy'  
 R.B. Treloar /'Trudy'  
 J. Lynch /'Jack'  
 R.G. Warne /'Ross'  
 D.G. Stenhouse /'Stinky'  
 J.T. Rothwell /'Jim'  
 I.R. Thompson /'Tommo' or 'Whale'  
 J.W. Sexton /'The Wreck'  
 A.W. Titheridge /'Tith'  
 M.R. Tardent /'Tardo'  
 T. Walsh /'Tom' /USAF

MIRAGE PILOT NAME /Nickname /REMARKS

C.L. Mills /'Milo'  
 B.A. Robinson /'Robbo'  
 J.A. Simmonds /'Simmo'  
 K. Dale /'Ken' /Killed in mysterious A3-109 Accident on Crse  
 P. Fairbrother /'Pete'  
 I. Gonsal /'Gonz'  
 S.J. Fenton /'Stan'  
 N.A. Furber /'Furberger'  
 W. Scott /'Bill' or 'Scotty'  
 T. Farquharson /'Terry'  
 J. Ward /'Wardo'  
 L.J. Evans /'Strop'  
 D.C. Freedman /'Freddo'  
 D.P. MacNeall /'Mac'  
 T.R. Jones /'Pejabit'  
 D.J. Dunlop /'Dave'  
 P.J. Hackett /'Pete'  
 N. Cameron /'Neil'  
 G. Borman /'G.B.'  
 O. Stickels /'Sticks'  
 M. Hayler /'Marko'  
 S. Groom /'Stan' /Killed in A3-18 Accident  
 W.N. Higgenbotham /'Higgy' /Achieved 3000 Hrs Mirage  
 R. James /'Rhys'  
 R.A. Clark /'Roger'  
 W. Nesbitt /'Bill' /RCAF  
 R.P. Throughgood /'Herbie' or 'T-Good'  
 P. Kelly /'Perry' /Killed in A3-26 Accident  
 A.A. Page /'Al'  
 K.F. Clarke /'Clak'  
 W.E. Guy /'Weg'  
 E. Fice /'Egg-on-Face'  
 C. Richards /'Chris'  
 G.R. Ryan /'G.R.'  
 D. Halloran /'H-Ran' /Achieved 3000 Hrs Mirage  
 H.F. Freeman /'Fred'  
 L.M. Gordon /'Leroy'

MIRAGE PILOT NAME /Nickname /REMARKS

W.M. Johnson /'Wide Body'  
 F. Aitkins /'Francois'  
 W.G. Pearcy /'Bill'  
 J. Fauske /'Foreskin' /USAF  
 B.M. Hartwich /'Brucewich'  
 P.F. Devine /'Device'  
 P. Kaye /'P.K.' /Survived A3-64 Accident  
 P.G. Webb /'Spider'  
 E.J. Parker /'J.P.'  
 A.R. Begg /'Al'  
 P.J. Becker /'Phil'  
 B.A. Johnson /'Tart'  
 M.R. Hurman /'Mal' /Ejected from A3-61  
 L.G. Clayton /'George'  
 H.N. Burlinson /'Burls'  
 J.F. Herbertson /'Herbie'  
 R. Jenkins /'Bob'  
 W. Zimmerman /'Wes' /USAF  
 G.W. Neil /'Graham'  
 J.W. Carr /'Truckie' /Ejected from A3-75  
 W.D. O'Grady /'Grades'  
 B.P. Crowhurst /'Crow' /Ejected from A3-94  
 R. Ambler /'Killer'  
 J.F. McCormick /'J-Mac' /Survived A3-97 Accident  
 G.D. Shepherd /'Shep' /Ejected from A3-114 (Dual)  
 B.A. Austin /'Bruce'  
 G. Sheehan /'Geoff'  
 S.C. Trestrail /'T-Tail'  
 J.N. Blackburn /'J.B.'  
 R. Veneziani /'V.8.'  
 P.J. Proctor /'J.P.'  
 T.J. McCormick /'T-Mac' /Ejected from A3-76  
 R.J. Fox /'Foxy'  
 A.C. Adkins /'Bograt'  
 A.B. Buttenshaw /'Butts'  
 S.A. Bihary /'Berhenti'  
 B. Durieu /'Harvey'

MIRAGE PILOT NAME /Nickname /REMARKS

K. Beach /'Beachy'  
 T.J. Absolon /'Jabs'  
 C.L. Mitchell /'The Dude'  
 I. Cobb /'Cobby'  
 C.C. Matters /'Chris'  
 J.F. Barden /'Jimbo' /Ejected from A3-105  
 G.W. Rudolph /'Greg' /USAF  
 H.R. Champness /'Hugo'  
 N.G. Alexander /'Country' /Ejected from A3-80  
 R.A. Hiser /'Dick'  
 R.J. Douglas /'Rod'  
 R.J. Waugh /'Woof'  
 B.A. Devenish-Meares /'Bad'  
 G. Brown /'Gordon'  
 G.C. Standen /'Stando'  
 M. Compton /'Mark'  
 B.G. Van Eyle /'B.V.E.'  
 C. Wilson /'Craig'  
 G.R. Butterworth /'Butts' /Ejected from A3-58  
 G. O'Brien /'Oby' or 'Gerry'  
 A.G. Larard /'Gus'  
 B.J. Kelly /'Kelz'  
 P.G. Bishop /'Bish'  
 E.J. Batten /'Bats'  
 D.J. Willcox /'Wilcox'  
 C.R. Wylie /'Smiley' /Killed in A3-29 Accident  
 L. Knox /'Les'  
 B.J. Voysey /'Bernie'  
 J.T. O'Halloran /'J.O.H.' /Ejected from A3-69  
 E.J. Groeninger /'Ed' /USAF  
 D.W. Hume /'Rhino'  
 B.T. Wiley /'Slug'  
 C. Simmonds /'Cliff' /Killed in A3-32 Accident  
 R.A. Howard /'Bob'  
 I.R. McKay /'Mook'  
 D.S. Lambert /'Scrote'  
 B.G. Van Donkelaar /'B.V.D.'

MIRAGE PILOT NAME /Nickname /REMARKS

P.C.V. Frawley /'Frawls'  
M.D. Binskin /'Binny' /RAN & Joined RAAF  
B.D.C. Siciliano /'Bob'  
R.F. Lea /'Rick'  
P.J. Batten /'Snake' /Ejected from A3-95  
E.P. Brackenreg /'Bracks'  
D.W. Princehorn /'Sonic'  
K.W. Dybing /'Muff'  
R.K. Coleman /'Duck'  
F.J. Haes /'Fred'  
A.J. Quaife /'J.Q.' /Ejected from A3-36  
K.W. Rushworth /'Krusha'  
M.A. Gardner /'Murray' or 'Frank'  
P.L. Rim /'Paul' /Killed in A3-30 Accident  
P.L. Barfield /'Barf'  
S.L. Goodier /'Scott' or 'Otto'  
M.G. Pearsall /'Perse'  
I.W. Davidson /'Davo' /Killed in A3-89 Accident  
W.F. Henman /'Bill' or 'Chicken Man'  
R.D. Wittman /'Ray' or 'Bacchus 1'  
K.B. Sullivan /'Sully' /USN  
A.C. Combe /'Kombi'  
J.C. Hunter /'Kip' /USAF  
P. Sadler /'Pete'  
J.P. Conlan /'J.P.' /Ejected from A3-105 (Dual)  
M.E. Hupfeld /'Melz'  
L. Champagne /'Lyn' /USMC  
M.A. Evans /'Ma'  
N.J. Pierson /'Mole'  
S. Riley /'Steve' /RAF  
P.R. Elliot /'Philbo'  
D.A. Hughes /'N.S.U.'  
G.C. Rulfs /'Greg'  
G.P. Mahoney /'Greg'  
P.J. Hutchinson /'Hutch'  
S.A. Last /'Shark'  
M.P. Frohlich /'Milo'

MIRAGE PILOT NAME /Nickname /REMARKS

J.T. Lonergan /'Lono'  
N.J. French /'Nev'  
C.D. Mackelmann /'Craig' /Killed in A3-40 Accident  
M.W. Buddery /'Marty'  
M.S. Maher /'Mick'  
J.N. Eaglen /'Jim'  
M.F. Edwards /'Fish'  
R.J. France /'Mondo'  
B.M. Heslin /'Bren'  
K.J. Smith /'Smithy'  
G.S. McKenzie /'Bazza'  
S.D. Miller /'Scotty'  
R.M. Jeffreys /'Rick' /Killed in RAAF's 1st F/A-18 Accident  
A.G. Allen /'Shabba'  
N.C. Hart /'Nev'  
R.K. Porteous /'Loop'  
G.K. Todd /'Toddy'  
R. Vadiveloo /'Renga'  
D. Wong /'Danno'

## SOME MIRAGE IIIO & IIID STATISTICS

- \* First year of Operational RAAF Mirage service - 1964 (75SQN).
- \* Last year of Operational RAAF Mirage service - 1988 (75SQN).
- \* Total RAAF Mirage procurement - 100 x MIR IIIO's  
- 16 x MIR IIID's.
- \* Over the 24 years of RAAF Operational service, 43 Mirages were destroyed or written-off in Accidents. Additionally, in their latter years, several Mirage airframes were written-off at the termination of their respective 'safe fatigue lives'; some of these fatigued aircraft have been prettied up as 'Gate Guardians'.
- \* 356 pilots qualified/graduated to fly the RAAF's Mirage, whilst an additional 4 were killed on their respective Mirage Conversion Course; (2 Mirage trainees were killed in Mirage accidents).
- \* A total of 14 Mirage pilots were killed in Mirage accidents.
- \* A total of 25 Mirage pilots safely ejected from their stricken 23 Mirages. Two of the Ejection aircraft accidents involved Mirage IIID's Dual Crewed.
- \* All 25 attempted Ejections were successful, albeit with 4 very close shaves, however, most Ejectees suffered some small Spinal damage.
- \* Approx 50% of all RAAF Mirage fatal accidents had pilot disorientation as a causal factor.
- \* Approx 21% of all RAAF Mirage fatal accidents were caused by Mirage impacting Mirage collisions.
- \* Approx 39% of all RAAF Mirage Ejections were caused by Engine and related failures, (Excl: Birdstrikes).
- \* Approx 26% of all RAAF Mirage Ejections were caused by Undercarriage Extension failures.
- \* Approx 12% of all pilots who flew the RAAF's Mirage experienced an accident which destroyed their Fighter. Of this 12%, one Fighter pilot was forced to eject on two occasions from two different Mirages; hence, 28 RAAF Mirage Pilots survived their respective accidents.
- \* The RAAF's Mirages were not involved in any Conflict or War, and were never required to fire or drop a weapon in anger.

## SOME UNCLASSIFIED FIGHTER PILOT TERMS & MEANINGS

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>  |
|--------------------|---|
| AAA                | Nasty 'Anti-Aircraft Artillery', which may result in Flak if AAA Rounds are fuzed to air burst on time, altitude or proximity to aircraft.  |
| AAM                | Air-to-Air Missile(s) with command guidance by SARH or IR homing.   |
| A/B                | Jet engine Afterburner. 'Burner to the yanks or Reheat to the poms. A device utilized by Knucks to pay the Energy God dearly in order to achieve a higher Kinetic or Potential energy state. Also the device which generate the 'Sound of Freedom', and gulps fuel like a '14-day-camel' gulps water. |
| AC                 | Aircraft Commander, a yank term for aircraft Captain or skipper.  |
| Ace                | A Knuck with 5 or more enemy aircraft kills to his credit.  |
| ACM                | Air Combat Manoeuvres; Dogfighting, (not to be confused with the rank of Air Chief Marshall).   |
| ACMI Range         | ACM Instrumentation Range, utilized in advanced Airforce training scenarios to improve aircrew's skills by the reconstruction of 3D air warfare (Incl. Dog-fights) on a chronological basis to determine who 'Shot' who first and who loused-up a 'kill' opportunity or manoeuvre, etc.               |
| ACT                | Air Combat Tactics employed by Knucks.  |
| AD                 | Air Defence.  |
| ADEX               | Air Defence Exercise.   |



| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u>   | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|----------------------|--|
| AEW                  | Airborne Early Warning, spy in the sky.  |
| AGL                  | Altitude in feet Above Ground Level.   |
| Aids                 | As in navigation aids and on-board aircraft systems to aid the Knuck. Magic black boxes to replace the requirement to carry a Navigator. (Not to be confused with the latter day disease). |
| AIM-(No.)            | The Air Intercept Missile series of the Western Airforces, such as the AIM-7 Sparrow or AIM-9 Sidewinder series.   |
| Aluminium Death Tube | A high performance aircraft.   |
| Ammo                 | Ammunition; on-board Cannon Rounds/Bullets.  |
| Angels               | A Fighter's altitude in 1000's of feet. Valuable units of Potential Energy.  |
| ARDU                 | Aeronautical Research and Development Unit; the RAAF's air testing centre.   |
| ARM                  | Anti-Radiation Missile; homes on an electronic emission source and utilized on SEAD missions.  |
| ASL                  | Altitude in feet Above Sea Level.  |
| ATC                  | Air Traffic Controller; one who has difficulty keeping aircraft apart, thereby discouraging air travel.  |
| ATC Clearance        | A method of compelling a pilot to fly a route and altitude he otherwise would never have chosen.   |
| Auger-In             | A Fighter Pilot augers-in when all his Kinetic Energy is transformed into the ethereal energies of heat, light and sound during a massive spiralling deceleration. (ie. He crashes).       |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|--------------------|--|
| AWACS              | Airborne Warning And Control System; the Boeing E-3 Sentry AEW aircraft.   |
| BAI                | Battlefield Air Interdiction; Fighter's in the ground pounding role.   |
| Bale-Out           | Knuck to manually separate from his Fighter and parachute to safety; or an ejection seat failure requires manual override separation. (ie. Its not your day).                                      |
| Ballistic          | Get out of my way, my Fighter's ballistic, I have no control due to a lack of airspeed but I'm bound to gravitate.   |
| Balls to the Wall  | Throttle(s) through the Gate; Full Bore set. Maximum Power.  |
| Bandit             | A nasty aircraft which deserves to be blown away.  |
| Bang-Out           | Eject.   |
| Battle 4           | An angry formation of 4 tactical Fighters, prepared for every-which-way-but-lose.  |
| Bat Turn           | A bloody tight tactical turn manoeuvre.  |
| BBB                | Bugged Beyond Belief. (ie. Stuffed).   |
| BCI                | Broadcast Control Intercept; All target positions given to the Knuck without any other directions. (ie. Every man for himself).  |
| Beat-Up            | A Fighter giving an unannounced raspberry to some unsuspecting ground grubber.   |
| BEZU               | The Mirages' primary Artificial Horizon attitude instrument; providing a three dimensional, pitch, roll and magnetic heading attitude information magically presented in full 3 by 360deg freedom. |
| BFM                | Basic Fighter Manoeuvring; tactical moves and counter moves in the dogfight scenario.  |
| Bingle             | A minor Prang.   |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|--------------------|--|
| Bingo              | A Knuck's got to proceed to land due to a lack of go-juice Kero.   |
| Bite the Dust      | See Buy the Farm.  |
| Blow-Job           | Blow-jet or Jet aircraft.  |
| Boffins            | Half mad defence scientists.   |
| Boggy              | Or Bog-Rat is a Pilot Officer or Second Lieutenant. Also known as 'shit of the Kings', regardless, a member who's always in the wrong and rarely listens to good advice.                                   |
| Boom               | A Knuck created supersonic overpressure which amplifies the 'sound of freedom'.  |
| Bone Dome          | A Knuckleheads stack-hat; Helmet.  |
| Bore Sight         | Point at the target for the 'shot'.  |
| Bottle-to-Throttle | No drinking within 30metres of the aircraft and no smoking within 8hrs of flying, or something like that !   |
| Brass              | RAAF Squadron Fuhrer & WingCo ranking officers who generally run around with their jock-straps in a knot.  |
| Break Turn         | A maximum rate Bat Turn.   |
| Bug-Out            | Nick off from the dogfight without being 'shot' to gain energy, conserve fuel, etc.  |
| Bullshit Castle    | Department of Defence (Air Force Office).  |
| Bumper             | Thunder-Bumper or thunderstorm.  |
| Buy the Farm       | An eye watering experience which results in the termination of life. (ie. Death - natures way of telling you to slow down)<br>A Knuck kicks the bucket and pushes up daisies from his little plot of land. |
| Buzz               | A Fighter conducting a close fly-by.   |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>  |
|--------------------|---|
| BVR                | Beyond Visual Range. (ie. A small hassle for the Knuck to identify an aircraft within his missiles' reach).   |
| CAIRS              | Fighters providing Close Air Support; Ground pounding under FAC Control near own Troops.  |
| Cam                | Camouflage.   |
| Can'bra            | Canberra Bomber & Recce aircraft.   |
| CAP                | Combat Air Patrol; An airborne Knuck in the AD role awaiting for action.  |
| CFI                | Over-worked, under-paid honch QFI.  |
| CHAFF              | Chopped Aluminium Foil Fragments; dropped by aircraft to leave false radar returns.   |
| Chariot-of-Fire    | A Fighter with A/B.   |
| Checkmates         | Either - 77SQN Mirage formation display team of 1973 lead by Jake, or<br>- VF-805 RAN Fleet Air Arm Skyhawk A-4G unit Callsign & formation teams 1967-84. |
| Check Your Six     | Keep an eye-out in your six o'clock position. (ie. Keep clearing your arse for potential threat aircraft).  |
| Chick              | A friendly Fighter. (ie. Not a girlfriend).   |
| CO                 | Commanding Officer. (ie. The Unit boss).  |
| Combat             | A relatively close tactical formation pair of Fighters.   |
| Corner Velocity    | A Fighter's manoeuvring speed, which enables maximum 'G' to be obtained. (ie. ideal dogfighting speed).   |
| CRT                | Cathode Ray Tube; (ie. In glass infested cockpits).   |
| CRU                | RAAF's Control and Reporting Units; or GCI Agencies for Fighter control in AD role.   |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|--------------------|--|
| CTA                | Control Area - Airspace in which only one Agency has the authority to disrupt the flow of aircraft.  |
| DACT               | Dissimilar Air Combat Tactics training, as in dogfighting, with differing Fighter types.   |
| Dash-One           | Aircraft Flight Manual for Pilots.   |
| DCMWSWGAD          | Don't Confuse Me With Someone Who Gives A Damn !   |
| DEFAIR             | Department of Defence (Air Force Office); (ie. The RAAF's bullshit castle.   |
| Deltas             | The RAAF's Mirage formation aerobatic team of 1971 lead by Bruce Grayson.  |
| DoD                | Department of Defence (Central Office); (ie. Buildings in Canberra over infested with Public-bloody-Servants of doubtful parentage, stuffing with National Defence). |
| Dogfighting        | Fighter versus Fighter in combat or training; (ie. The sport of the Few).  |
| Donk(s)            | The Fighter's engine(s), as in horsepower/donkey power, hence, 'donk'.   |
| Dot                | Zero value; the Dot on the Airspeed Indicator and Dot-Feet meaning bloody low altitude.  |
| Drag               | A Fighter to act as bait and 'drag' the bandits in a particular direction.   |
| Drag-Bag           | A Fighter's Brake-Parachute.   |
| DR                 | Dead Reckoning; (ie. Intelligent Guess Work !).  |
| DZ                 | Drop Zone.   |
| EBIHW              | Experiencing Built In Head Winds; (ie. A situation of 'one pace forward - Two paces back' or pushing shit uphill with a pointed stick.                               |
| ECCM               | Electronic Warfare - Counter-Counter Measures.   |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|--------------------|--|
| ECM                | Electronic Warfare Counter Measure.  |
| Ectoplasm          | Instant cloud/visible water vapour created by a Fighter's local low pressure areas caused by its motion through the air.   |
| Egress             | A planned Fighter withdrawal manoeuvre or target exit manoeuvre.   |
| ELINT              | Electronic Warfare - Intelligence Gathering.   |
| ESM                | Electronic Warfare - Support Measures; (ie. ELINT).  |
| EW                 | Electronic Warfare.  |
| FAC                | Forward Air Controller; An Airforce Knuck in a helo or bug-smasher acting as target area marker and observer in the CAIRS environment to prevent own Fighters hitting friendly Troops. (ie. Bloody hard but essential work in a jungle warfare scene). |
| FCI                | Fighter Combat Instructor; The Aussie version of 'Top Gun' graduate.   |
| Few                | In the context of Sir Winston Churchill's famous quote: 'Never before in the field of human conflict, has so much been owed by so many to so Few'. (ie. The Knucks).   |
| Fighter            | An aircraft which can be employed in the defensive or offensive roles pending warfare scenario. An agile aircraft with high performance and latest technology, designed to seek out an adversary and destroy same.                                     |
| Fight's On         | It's time to dogfight; every Knuck for himself (or team), may the best man (or team) win.  |
| Firebirds          | The RAAF's 79 Squadron; Mirage Unit 1985-88 at Butterworth Air Base, Malaysia.   |
| Flak               | Refer AAA.   |
| Flame-Out          | The Fire goes out in the Donk; (ie. No Noise !).   |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|--------------------|--|
| Flat as a Tack     | Flat as a hot cow turd.  |
| Flat as a Strap    | Maximum speed in a straight line.  |
| Flight Level       | Any level other than that requested by the Knuck or conversely, any level maintained by the Knuck other than that last approved by ATC.  |
| Flight Looie       | Flight Lieutenant; (ie. RAAF Officers who run around in circles trying to please superiors and end up disappearing up their own fundamental orifice).  |
| Flig-Off           | Flying Officer; (ie. RAAF Officers who think they run their outfit, and who throw their toys out of their respective cots when reminded otherwise).  |
| FLIR               | Forward Looking Infra-Red equipment. (ie A magic Aid).   |
| FLTSUP             | Fleet Support; It's a Ship job but the RAAF does it.   |
| Fly-by-Wire        | No physical link between the pilot and his aircraft's flight control surfaces other than electron carrying wires. (ie. Sounds like Tiger Moth technology - and in the event of a good lightning strike, I'd prefer to be in the Tiger Moth !). |
| Flying Bomb        | The RAAF's 3 Squadron 'Fleurs-de-lis' 'Flying-Bomb' emblem.  |
| Footprints         | Condensation Trails left by an aircraft engine pending atmospheric conditions. (ie. Makin' footprints is tactically unsound).  |
| FOX 1/2/3          | A Knuck's launched/fired his weapon as indicated by type - 1 for SARH AAM, 2 for IR AAM & 3 for Guns.  |
| FOX 1/2/3 Kill     | A Knuck's achieved a 'Kill' on a bandit with his weapon type as detailed above.  |
| FRA                | A ground tarmac dedicated as a Fighter Replenishment Area, usually revetted.   |
| Free-play          | A Knuck's free to make his own Snaps to achieve his objective.   |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|--------------------|--|
| French Lady        | The RAAF's Mirage IIIIO as she was affectionately referred to by the Aussie Knucks.  |
| FTR                | The abbreviation for Fighter.  |
| FUBAR              | Stuffed Up beyond All Recognition; see BBB.  |
| Full Bore          | See Full Chat.   |
| Full Chat          | See Full Bore.   |
| Full Dry           | Maximum engine power/thrust without A/B, also referred to as 'Buster'.   |
| Furball            | A mature dogfight engagement.  |
| FUS                | Fuselage of an aircraft.   |
| GA                 | Ground Attack; (ie. Ground Pounding).  |
| Gaggle             | Same way, same day lose formation of Fighters.   |
| Gate               | Either - A prominent feature for the start/finish of a Fighter's low level navigation route; (ie. The 'gate' had better be open 'cause the Knuck tends to fly through it at 400+ Snorts).<br>- Or, Maximum engine power; Maximum A/B Thrust. |
| GCI                | Ground Controlled Intercept radar site with Air Defence Intercept Controllers; (ie. GCI can mean a Guaranteed Cocked-up Intercept if too many cooks fiddle with the broth).  |
| GCI Controller     | A person who should be an ATC Controller in that he/she has difficulty getting aircraft together.  |
| Gear               | A yank term for Undercarriage.   |
| GIB                | Guy In Back-seat; Second dickie/pilot or Navigator or Weapons System Operator or Airborne Electronics Officer of a Two-Seater Fighter/Strike aircraft with tandem seating arrangement. (ie. Like an F-4E).                                   |
| Go For It          | See 'Press'.   |
| Go For The Moon    | Zoom to height; Claw for Altitude; (ie. Max Rate Climb).   |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>  |
|--------------------|---|
| Gorilla            | A mean gaggle of Fighters, like a wolf pack, lookin' for trouble or determined to give some trouble away free of charge.  |
| GP                 | The abbreviation for Group.   |
| Grey Sponge        | The Department of Defence, Russell Offices (coloured Grey), Canberra ACT., which soaks up RAAF Officers like a Sponge and where the windows are welded shut so that the unfortunates within can't attempt suicide by jumping from their respective offices. |
| Group              | A bunch of Wings.   |
| Grouper            | A RAAF Officer with the rank of Group Captain.  |
| Grumpy Monkeys     | The RAAF's 77 Squadron emblem is the Oriental Lion standing as guardian; (but unfortunately it is depicted more like a 'Grumpy Monkey').  |
| GWTR               | Give Way To The Right; an ROC.  |
| Hack               | Start the Stopwatch/Clock running from now.   |
| Hack, Rack, Zoom   | Aerobatic manoeuvres.   |
| Hair-On-Fire       | A Knuck's got his 'Hair-On-Fire' when he's moving at the 'Speed-of-Heat'; (ie. Bloody Fast).  |
| Hang In There      | See MMSOBCYTAST.  |
| Hassle             | See Dogfighting.  |
| Heats On           | We're under a lot of pressure to achieve whatever.  |
| Heavy              | A member of the Top Brass, who behaves like a big wheel in an all singing, all dancing Airforce.  |
| Hit the Deck       | Descend ASAP and fly at very low altitude without 'Spearing In'.  |
| Hit the Silk       | See Bale Out.   |
| Holding Pattern    | A laughable term applied to the dogfight in progress over the Radio Navaid facility serving an airfield.  |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|--------------------|--|
| Hoon In The Moon   | An evening version of the 'Hun In The Sun'.  |
| Hoover             | The constant Thrust, variable Noise aircraft known as the Macchi MB-326H or Macchischmitt.   |
| Hostile            | A bad bastard who must be blown away.  |
| Hotshot            | See Whip.  |
| HQOC               | RAAF's Headquarters Operational Command; (ie. The Headshed where the Brass run around tryin' to out 'crystal ball' the 'bullshit castle' in Canberra, but end up having to stamp out 'bush fires' with bare feet on a daily basis. |
| HUD                | Heads Up Display; (Sounds like a male erection competition at a 'Hen's Night' floor show).   |
| Hun In The Sun     | A smart Knuck utilizing the Sun to tactical advantage.   |
| ID                 | Identify the target.   |
| IFR                | I Follow Roads/Railroads/Rivers until IMC or Impact with Mountainous Clouds. Also means conditions under which Instrument Rated pilots cannot see how closely they just missed colliding with the ground or other aircraft.        |
| I'm a Dot          | I'm outa here, I'm gone, I'm a dot on the horizon.   |
| I'm a Mushroom     | I'm in the Dark and being fed on manure.   |
| Initial            | A Fighter recovery method, whereby the Knuck buzz's the airfield, breaks 'wind and lands.  |
| INTELO             | An Airforce Intelligence Officer; (ie. A member who hoards information and refuses to release it just in case there's a security leak).  |
| In The Face        | A Head-On or Front Quarter 'shot' option.  |
| IP                 | An Initial Point, an identifiable navigation feature.  |
| IR                 | Infra-Red  |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u>           | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|------------------------------|--|
| Jet Jockey                   | Another lose term for a Knuck.   |
| JIC                          | Just In Case; a contingency measure.   |
| Jink                         | Manoeuvre as required to avoid by shot; (ie. Duck, Weave, Pull for your life and Fly Unpredictably).   |
| Jock                         | See Jet Jockey.  |
| Joker                        | Skoshe on 'Joy Juice', a tactical withdrawal coming up soon.   |
| Jolly                        | A Knuck being trusted with a Fighter to fly to a land away destination on his lonesome.  |
| Joy Juice                    | See Motion Lotion.   |
| Jugs                         | A Fighter's external jettisonable Fuel Tanks.  |
| KIO                          | Knock-It-Off, Cease, Desist, The Fight's Off and the referee's on to us.   |
| Knife Fight in a Phone Booth | A tight Furball or slow speed dogfight, with all players in each other's hip pocket.   |
| Knuck                        | See Knucklehead.   |
| Knucklehead                  | A Fighter Pilot, one of the Few, the Knights of the latter days.   |
| Leader                       | The leading Fighter, the formation boss of a gaggle.   |
| Leans                        | That which way is Up ?, feeling, when a Knucks seat-of-the-pants flying won't save his arse.   |
| LHF4                         | Left Hand Finger Four, Fighter close formation.  |
| Line                         | A Flight Line; a Fighter tarmac area for parking.  |
| Lizards                      | RAAF's 3 Squadron Mirage Unit was the first to have camouflage paint schemes on its aircraft, hence, 3SQN acquired the term 'Lizards'.   |
| Mach                         | Either - A richter scale of feminine beauty, where Mach 2.0 equals Miss Universe, or<br>- A True Airspeed value in relation to the Speed of Sound, where Mach 1.0 equals the Speed of Sound. |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|--------------------|--|
| Macchischmitt      | See Hoover.  |
| Magpies            | RAAF's 75 Squadron emblem.   |
| Mahogany Bomber    | A bloody desk job for a Knuck. (ie. A non-flying posting).   |
| Mayday             | The crap's hit the fan and you and your aircraft are right in amongst it.  |
| Meatbox            | The Gloster Meteor.  |
| Mega               | An excess value; A bloody high number.   |
| Midair             | An airborne collision; not very good for a Knuck.  |
| MiG                | A Russian made Fighter type from the Mikoyan/Guryevich stable; a potential adversary.  |
| MIR                | The abbreviation for Mirage.   |
| Miracle            | Another affectionate name acquired by the Mirage; (ie. It was an aerodynamic miracle for its time).  |
| Miracles           | The 77SQN Mirage formation display team of 1975, lead by Garry Gent.   |
| MMSOBYTAST         | Mustard, Mud, Shit Or Blood, Grit Your Teeth And Stay There. (ie. Hang In There, like shit to a blanket).  |
| Motion Lotion      | Fuel; Kero for Jets; Joy Juice for Fun; (ie. The fossil energy with which to pay homage to the Energy God).  |
| Needle Nose        | Point your aircraft at the Threat; (ie. Present your least visible cross-sectional area).  |
| Negative 'G' Suit  | There's no such thing, but if there was, it'd be a tourniquet applied tightly around the Knucks neck; (ie. Most bloody uncomfortable !).   |
| Net                | A special Jet Barrier Net just off the end of the Fighter's Air Base Runways designed to catch a high speed, ground huggin' Fighter which can't stop on the Runway available; (ie. For the single engined Fighters, V1 & V2 are not applicable - the Knuck does a T/O acceleration check, if OK continues; Next options, Abort using the Net, Eject or Fly). |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>  |
|--------------------|---|
| NFIC               | No Fighting In Cloud; an ROC.   |
| NHOT               | No Head-On Tracking; another ROC.   |
| Nose-Tail          | A Nose-Tail Separation condition between a Knuck and his opponent's aircraft is an important dogfighting consideration whilst manoeuvring to either gain the advantage or survive.                        |
| O                  | O for Australia; O for Aussie; as in Mirage IIIO. (ie. The land of Oz, where the Wizard is the PM).   |
| OC                 | Officer Commanding.   |
| OCA                | Offensive Counter Air.  |
| Ock-You            | Two Ock-You; RAAF's 20CU; see OCU.  |
| OCU                | RAAF's No.2 Operational Conversion Unit, the Fighter Aircrew training outfit; the 'Flying Roo's' or the 'Tigers'.   |
| On the Deck        | Very low altitude.  |
| Open The Taps      | As in Open the Throttle(s); Push it Up.   |
| Out Run 'em        | Accelerate to and cruise at max available speed in a straight line to out run the threat. (ie. Not many aircraft would catch up to a Mirage doing 750 Snorts 'on the deck' - even AAM's have difficulty). |
| PACAF              | USAF's Pacific Air Force.   |
| Padlock            | A Knuck's eye balls are locked on to a distant bandit and he can't afford to look away.   |
| Pan                | Either - ORP; Operational Replenishment Pan, the tarmac parking areas at the ends of the military runways, or<br>- An aircraft emergency condition short of a Mayday condition.                           |
| Panthers           | The RAAF's 76 Squadron emblem.  |
| PE                 | Pilot Error; (ie. Too many PE's and a Knuck's dead meat, He won't live long enough to appreciate the errors of his own making).   |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|--------------------|--|
| Piece of Cake      | No sweat; Can Do.  |
| Pig                | The RAAF's F-111; Aard-vark; And General Dynamics misnomer in that it should've been called the B-111, 'cause it doesn't rate as a true Fighter's backside.                          |
| Pitch Back         | An order to Pull back and Climb back into the action.  |
| Pincer             | A Knuck's team tactic to 'bracket' the threat during the intercept.  |
| Playmate           | A Knuck's friendly team-mate; (ie. Same way, same day accompanying Chick, etc).  |
| POETS              | Piss On Everything Tomorrow's Saturday; (ie. Friday night in the Bar).   |
| POP                | A Knuck's pull up manoeuvre climbing to a Roll-In and subsequent Dive attack on a ground target. (ie. A 30/45 POP is a 30deg climb for a 45deg Dive).                                |
| Pounce             | A Knuck's undetected attack on an unfortunate opponent.  |
| Prang              | A bad accident which destroys a Fighter. (ie. A very major Bingle).  |
| Press              | You are cleared to 'go for it'.  |
| Procedural Control | A Distance & Altitude lying competition between Captains of aircraft attempting to be first to land at an aerodrome without radar ATC facility.                                      |
| PROGO              | The RAAF's Squadron Flying Programme Officer. (ie. He attempts to please all but usually ends up with more flying hours than the other aircrew).                                     |
| Pure               | A Knuck goes 'Pure' when he manoeuvres to Pure Pursuit on the target; same as 'needle nosing'; (ie. It seems like a contradiction in terms for a Knuck to go 'pure').                |
| Push               | The sky turns grey with mega aluminium 'cause a push is multiple gaggles of varying Airforce assets going same way, same day to the same objective; (ie. Heaven help the Objective). |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|--------------------|--|
| Push it up         | Accelerate; as in bump it up.  |
| QFI                | A Qualified Flying Instructor; Generally an overbearing, know-it-all aviator, whose very presence causes trainee pilots to melt in molten sweat. The QFI's instructional technique is one of feeding out excess rope to the trainee in the hope that the tiro will 'hang himself' on the flying by 'trial and error' basis.  |
| QNH                | An interesting ethereal substance known simply to the Knucks as 'Quite Nasty Hoodoo' or 'Quite Nasty to the Health'; 'Cause too little QNH as well as too much QNH too suddenly, both cause death to a Knuck. It's not too much speed that kills, it's the massive QNH change that gets the Knuck. QNH is air pressure, expressed in Kpa (mbs) such that with correct QNH set on the Altimeter, the aircraft Altitude instrument should read airfield elevation in feet AMSL when on the ground. |
| Radar Control      | The blind ATC leading the blind.   |
| Ready to Play      | Through it at me!  |
| RHF4               | Right Hand Finger Four; a particular type of lop sided close formation of 4 aircraft.  |
| RHIP               | Rank Has Its Privileges; (ie. Senior Officers normally get what they want).  |
| ROC                | Rules of Combat; RAAF's dogfight training rules.   |
| ROE                | Rules of Engagement; the USAF's dogfight training rules. (ie. The ROE makes the New Testament look small).   |
| Roger              | I hear you, but I'm gonna do what I want to do !   |
| SA                 | Situation Awareness; A Knuck shouldn't partake of dogfighting unless he has SA. To enter the fight without SA is suicidal. (ie. Not a bad idea to possess SA whilst driving on Sydney's roads !).  |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>  |
|--------------------|---|
| Saint Elmo's Fire  | Small tongues of Beautiful blue/green flame caused by a build up of Static Electricity by virtue of the aircraft motion through charged atmospheric conditions. (ie. To have St Elmo's Fire dancing across the aircraft's windshield is absolutely facinating). |
| SAM                | Surface-to-Air Missiles; (ie. Very nasty things to a Knuck without eyes at the back of his head).   |
| Sand Bagging       | Portable ballast - oops, a passenger free-loading in the back seat of a Dual Seat Fighter.  |
| SARH               | A Semi-Active Radar Homing Missile; requires the Fighter's radar to illuminate the target while the AAM locks unto and homes towards the reflected radar energy.  |
| Scissors           | A slow speed dogfight counter-counter manoeuvring by a pair of Fighters.  |
| SEAD               | Suppression of Enemy Air Defences; An Airforce role.  |
| Separation         | A condition when two or more aircraft fail to collide.  |
| Shakey             | A shakey Snap; a decision or outcome with doubtful consequences.  |
| Shower             | A gaggle of Fighters which is unpleasing to the eye; (ie. Not quite same way, same day formation).  |
| Slice              | A Fighter's descending turn back into the action.   |
| Slot               | A tail end formation position; (ie. Slotted up the leader's backside).  |
| Smack in the Face  | Copping a FOX 1 or FOX 2 weapon in the face.  |
| Smart              | Smart weapons possess on-board guidance.  |
| Smash              | Is a term for the Fighter's inertia state; (ie. A Knuck has mega Smash means he's goin' like a bat outa hell).  |



| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>  |
|--------------------|---|
| SNAFU              | Situation Normal All Stuffed Up; (ie. A 5 Star, Pedigree Cock-up).  |
| Snap               | A quick decision.   |
| Snap Shot          | A quick FOX 3 air-to-air Guns shot without adequate Gunsight tracking to guarantee a 'kill'. (ie. It'll scare the pants off the opponent).          |
| Snorts             | Knots Indicated Air Speed, or KIAS.   |
| SOB                | Either - Souls on Board, or<br>- Son of a Bitch.  |
| SOP                | Standard Operating Procedures.  |
| Sound of Freedom   | Noise pollution to some, music to others, but without it you'd better kiss your arse goodbye, 'cause our carefree lifestyle would surely disappear. |
| Spear-In           | As per Auger-In but without the spiral motion.  |
| Speed of Heat      | 480 Snorts plus.  |
| Spit               | Spitfire; Spitty.   |
| Split-S            | Half Roll and Pull through manoeuvre.   |
| Spread             | A wide tactical formation of Fighters.  |
| SQN                | The abbreviation for Squadron.  |
| Sqn Fuhrer         | RAAF's Squadron Leader rank.  |
| SSDD               | Same Shit, Different Day.   |
| Stack              | A vertical tactical formation of Fighters.  |
| Stang              | As in Mustang.  |
| Streamers          | Wingtip vortex generated ectoplasm.   |
| Stick              | Fighter aircraft control column manipulated by the Knuck; (ie. Joystick).   |
| Stooge             | Play target, act as bait.   |
| Strafe             | Air-to-Ground Gunnery.  |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u> | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|--------------------|--|
| Straggler          | An aircraft which straggles from its formation; (ie. Generally the first aircraft to be blown away).   |
| Strike             | An airborne attack.  |
| Strike Escort      | Fighters providing cover for a strike force.   |
| Sucker Hole        | A small clear patch of nice visual conditions in amongst a mayhem of clouds which await an aircraft to enter the 'sucker hole' and then close in to total cloud cover. |
| Sweep              | A Fighter sweep is a counter-air sky clearing role for the Knucks.   |
| Sweet FA           | Sweet nothings; Skoshe; Bugger All.  |
| Sword              | The Sabre Fighter was affectionately known as the Sword.   |
| TAC                | Tactical.  |
| Tac Recce          | Tactical Reconnaissance.   |
| Tally              | Target in sight.   |
| Tap                | Bounce the Threat; see Pounce.   |
| Threat             | Threat aircraft; see Bandit.   |
| Tigers             | The RAAF's 20CU, Fighter training Unit.  |
| Top Brass          | Groupers and higher ranking Officers, who are always trumpeting out RAAF policy which is garnished in bulldust and thoroughly roasted in the corridors of Power.       |
| Top Cover          | Either - A higher ranking Officer who will wear the rap for a junior Officer's foul-up, or<br>- A gaggle of Fighters above the Strike.                                 |
| TP                 | Test Pilot; The Right Stuff; A lonely guts man who irons out the crinkles in new untried Fighters.   |
| Trailer            | The back end Bandit of a Threat formation.   |
| Triple-A           | See AAA; or Ack-Ack.   |

| <u>TERM/PHRASE</u>  | <u>MEANING</u>   |
|---------------------|--|
| Turkey              | Either - An incompetent Fighter pilot, or<br>- A person who's as popular as a turd in a punch-bowl.  |
| Undercart           | Undercarriage; See Gear.   |
| Unload              | Fighter performing a +0.5G unloaded acceleration in Full A/B.  |
| Up 'im for the rent | Go get him.  |
| Visual              | I've got the friendly(ies) in sight.   |
| Warp (No.)          | Warp equals Mach No.; (ie. Warp 10 = Mach 1.0).  |
| Welded Wing         | See Combat; See MMSOBYTAST.  |
| Whip                | A Knuck who flies like an eagle even though he may work with Turkeys.  |
| Whistle-Stick       | A Jet Aircraft.  |
| Wild Weasel         | A Strike aircraft dedicated to the SEAD role.  |
| Winder              | As in AIM-9 series AAM; The Sidewinder.  |
| Wing                | RAAF's Wing Headquarters, a place where Brass are up to their arses in alligators, finding it difficult to remember their original task was to drain the bloody swamp.       |
| WingCo              | Wing Commander rank.   |
| Yo-Yo               | Fighter manoeuvring to trade KE for PE back to KE (High YO-YO) or PE to KE then to PE (Low YO-YO).   |
| Zap 'im             | Blow him away.   |
| Ziltch              | Zero value; Less than skoshe.  |
| Zoom Bag            | A Knuck's flying suit.   |
| Zoom                | Max rate climb for altitude.   |
| Zoot Suit           | A Fighter pilot's Anti-'G' Suit; where 'G' is apparent positive Gravity caused by centrifugal forces during turning manoeuvres; (ie. Refer to Newton's Laws of Motion, etc). |

THIS 'SOUND OF FREEDOM' BOOK CONTAINS...

- \* FIGHTER PILOT'S - SONGS.
  - POEMS.
  - PROSE.
- \* WORDS OF WISDOM - SAFETY HINTS FOR KNUCKS.
- \* LIST OF ALL RAAF MIRAGE PILOTS.
  - INCL THOSE WHO WERE KILLED FLYING THE MIRAGE.
  - AND THOSE WHO EJECTED FROM THE MIRAGE AND SURVIVED.
- \* SOME RAAF MIRAGE IIII STATISTICS.
- \* SOME UNCLASSIFIED FIGHTER PILOT'S TERMS, SAYINGS AND PHRASES, WITH MEANINGS.